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I remain dear Mary  
Yours very truly  
John Labrum

LABURN'S  
COMIC MINSTREL.

First Series.



*This is Useful Knowledge.*

ta. Hall.

LONDON

THOMAS ALLMAN & SON,

42, HOLBORN HILL.





LABERN'S  
COMIC MINSTREL;

A COLLECTION OF  
POPULAR COMIC SONGS.

EDITED BY  
JOHN LABERN, Esq.

*First Series.*

LONDON:  
THOMAS ALLMAN AND SON,  
42, HOLBORN HILL.  
1857.

UNIFORM WITH THE PRESENT  
VOLUME IN PRICE AND SIZE.

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# COMIC SONGS.

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## USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Popular Comic Song, written by Mr. F. Farmer, and  
sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

I've studied deeply history,  
And scientific Works, d'ye see—  
Just hear me out, and you'll agree,  
My facts are not delusive.  
They say the world is round, and I  
Don't mean at all that to deny,  
My propositions only try,  
You'll find them quite conclusive.  
That these are facts none can deny—  
Contradiction I defy,  
And being so, why, really, I  
Do call this useful knowledge.

From what I've read, I really think  
That when one's dry 'tis best to drink—  
Eat when hungry, never shrink  
From taking your potation.

A man that's mad must be insane,  
 A man that loses cannot gain,  
 And a man that's wounded suffers pain —  
 That's no conglomeration !  
 A little boy is not a *gal*,  
 When you're ill you are not well,  
 The London Road is not Pall Mall,  
 Paris isn't London !

These are facts, &c.

Water's wet, and sugar's sweet,  
 A hackney coach isn't good to eat,  
 In our shoes we pop our feet,  
 If ruined we are undone !  
 A piano forte is not a drum,  
 Your little finger's not your thumb,  
 A pop gun is not the *Prince's Bomb*,  
 A playhouse is not a chapel !  
 I think I may most truly say  
 That night is night, and day is day,  
 But a mud cart is not a brewer's dray,  
 And a cabbage is not a apple !

#### SPOKEN

Most distinctly and most emphatically I declare it, and to prove to you that my theory is perfectly correct, I shall venture to offer to your notice a few observations, as delivered by my learned friend Professor Fusbos, of Brazennose. Hem ! Hem ! Surrounded by the fawning puerilities of celestial conglomerations, the human intellect betrays its deto-  
 nating qualities by the genial origin of obste-

tin hyenas. Do we dread the corroding influence of immoral jointure Hoades, or the fanatical vehemence of Indian jugglers? How easy it is to repose ourselves upon the crater of Mount Hecla, or amalgamate with the cupidities of thunderstruck Archbishops. Away, then, with the iniquities of despotic washerwomen, or the devouring tenderness of Blackwood's monstrous Magazine. For this did George the Fourth lead on the Renfrewshire Militia into so many monastic nuisances—for this did Sir Walter Scott rebel against the concatenated vicissitudes of Paper Currency, or oppress with nosological exactness the inhabitants of Annandale. Let the timid Wellington but plant his foot upon the summit of Port Hope Town, and the cemeteries of Parisian volcanoes shall prove the ablest guarantees of our national expenditure. In sober truth, none but irrational Antipodes, or Rosiormian fishmongers could even dream of prognosticating the ruin of Semiramis, or the downfall of Anatomy!

But, to return to the subject. Granting, that an ephemeral eternity can isolate the fragrance of obstrephorus parallelograms—granting the Mosaical stenography exhibits all the turbulency of the fashionable entities, does it follow, from such parenthetical premises, that the crural coincidences must refrigerate the longitudinal vestas of Turkish Amlassadors? On the contrary, I apprehend it to be demonstratively enterpenetrated, that every peripaletic symposium must coagulate the far fetched hyperboles that spring from

vernal desolation, or irradiate the centrifugal beauties of Circassian Olagaratives. No one can deny the justness of this conclusion when the symmetrical ordinances of clerical contiguity are once brought into contact with the Presbyterian Stockingholders, rioting in luxurions contremacy, or trituated with anti-nuptial fumigations. It has been stated by a learned Author, that the repertories of Iron-clastical enthusiasm had been synioped by exasperated effluvia, but I condemn this commentary upon syntastical phenomena, and the abundance of gramitating excoriations that converge upon tersilated renegadoes. As the magniloquent Poet has carniverously observed—

“ Wherever life its varled essence flows,  
There is satiety when lobsters come—  
Hydras are swallowed faster than the rose,  
Beauty expires, and artichokes are dumb ”

To conclude, I shall simply remark, that never did the parietal gastronimics more illustriously salivate the apathies of ghastly aldermen upon that brilliant occesion, when all eyes were mystified by convolving manufactures, or stupified by the united energies of Persian Satrophies, and universal annihilation!

That these are facts, none can deny—  
Contraliction I defy—  
And being so, why, really, I  
Do call this useful knowledge!

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## THE COMICAL TERRORS OF POOR OLD THAMES!

Written by T. H. Reynoldson, Esq. and sung by  
Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Good people all, of London town, come listen to my story,  
Of English rivers formerly I was the pride and glory,  
But I've so long been your waste butt, and general receiver,  
That now instead of breeding fish, I breed you nought but fever!

Poor Old Thames!

Isn't it a shame to treat thus poor old Thames!

You pump me up on fires, sirs, and you pump me up through mains—  
And you pump me down through gutters, and thro' sewers, and thro' drains.  
Then with *that*, sirs, not contented, you must pump *them* into me,  
For the which you're very great pumps, as you'll very shortly see!

Poor Old Thames, &c.

As sure as you're alive, sirs, these last pumpings you will rue,  
For, mark me, if you poison me, I swear I'll poison you!

I will the very air infect—you *must*  
breathe *that* they tell me—

And though you may not drink me, yet, by  
goles, sirs, you shall smell me !

Poor Old Thames, &c.

Why can't you go on quickly with what  
some of you have plann'd ?

That which *death* gives to the water, sirs,  
will give life to the land.

Why don't you, then, make tunnels, or at  
any rate some ' sumps ?'

But yours a generation seems of most gi-  
gantic ' pumps !'      Poor Old, &c.

Besides, you're not so mealy-mouth'd when  
ought's to do to me, sirs,

And you've men who can do anything, as  
any one may see, sirs—

For your Engineer, Brunel, and his fell  
myrmidons—od, rot 'em !—

Had the impudence a hole to bore right  
through my very bottom !

Poor Old Thames, &c.

And as if that wasn't enough, forsooth, to  
kill a river dead, sirs,

You stuck a lot of gas lights blazing up  
beneath my *bed*, sirs—

So that now through every pore into your  
tunnel I perspire

With fear that you should really some day  
' *set the Thames on fire !*'

Poor Old Thames, &c.



But that an ancient grievance is—and now  
but one word more—  
I warn you all that you had better me to  
health restore—  
For if you don't I vow, and pray record it  
in your 'mems,'  
You'll bitterly repent your having trifled  
with Old Thames!  
Poor Old Thames, &c.

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### THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS.

Slightly altered from the Original by Mr. J. A.  
Hardwick, and sung by Mr. J.W. Sharp.

Tune—Zip Coon.

Oh, there was Seven Champions, once upon  
a time—  
I'll tell you what they done, if you listen  
to my rhyme.  
St. George, and St. Anthony, St. Denis,  
and St. James,  
St. Patrick, St. Andrew, and St. David  
were their names.  
They all belonged to Christendom, and  
kick'd up such a row,  
A little imitation of the revolutions now.  
If we only had them back again, we'd get  
'em in a 'fix,'  
For we'd send the *Seven* overland, to polish  
off the *Six* (Sikhs).

## CHORUS.

Tune—Lucy Neal.

We want the 'Coming Man' to stop  
 The Continental row,  
 And only wish we had again  
 The Seven Champions now.

Tune—O the roast beef of Old England.

The Champion of England, St. George,  
 was a brick—  
 He pack'd up his second shirt speedily  
 quick,  
 And toddled to Egypt the Dragon to stick,  
 The famous St. Georgey of England,  
 The Champion of England, St. George !  
 He got to the East by the Overland Mail—  
 That great *agitator*, the Dragon, turn'd pale,  
 When he found British valour had cut off  
*tail*,  
 He cursed the 'base Saxon' of England—  
 The Champion of England St. George !

Tune—Jenny Jones.

St. David Ap Shenkin Ap Winkin Ap Jen-  
 kin,  
 Like the famous sea serpent, was cham-  
 pion of *Wales*—  
 While hunting *Welsh rabbits* he came,  
 without thinking,  
 To the castle of Taffy, in Llangollen's  
 dales.

He couldn't draw the sword that was la-  
bell'd ' Cheese-toaster,'  
So 'chees'd it' at once, and asleep he did  
fall,  
Though quite awake, still he wasn't a  
boaster,  
And Saints do the same now, in Exeter  
Hall!

Tune—Maggie Lauder.

St. Andrew Agnew, the Champion Chief  
Of Scotland, on the waters  
Found six fair maidens turn'd to swans—  
The King of Thraces's daughters.  
To *ducks* he did them back restore,  
And sent them home on Monday—  
Then *dammed* the waters on the shore,  
Because they *run* on a Sunday.

Tune—Sprig of Shillelagh.

St. Patrick of Ireland was King of the  
Bogs,  
But he went, like *Repale* and the *Rint*, to  
the dogs,  
At the Battle of Boulagh, near Ballypo-  
reen.  
He kick'd out the varmint, and banish'd  
the toads,  
But vipers still swarm'd in ould Erin by  
loads—  
He run from the *clubs* of his follower  
churls,

But he made a mistake when he got into  
 Thurles—  
 For an Irish gentleman wasn't he green ?

Tune—Good St. Anthony.

St. Anthony, Italy's champion bold,  
 Donned his armour and sword like a  
 man,  
 And march'd to an Austrian giant's strong-  
 hold.  
 Called Windyobobbery Jellylickban,  
 But the ogre was out, and it ruined his  
 hope,  
 So he just gave his vassals a touch of his  
 ire,  
 And turned his attention to Pius the Pope,  
 To give him a taste of *St. Anthony's*  
*fire !*  
 The Pontiff tried prayers, but it wasn't  
 no go—  
 St. Anthony told him, in spite of his teeth,  
 If he didn't reform, that he'd send him be-  
 low,  
 From his *see* on the earth, to a *lake* un-  
 derneath !

Tune—The Downfall of Paris

St. Denis was the Champion of France, and  
 took a vessel he  
 Did, and went to rescue the Princess fair  
 of Thessaly ;

They turn'd him to a stag—what a railway  
metamorphosis—

He collar'd all the dividends and pickings  
of the offices.

They turn'd him out as Chairman, for he  
played so many fooleries—

Then he got upon the barricades to batter  
down the Tuilleries.

Planting trees of Freedom, to Italy to lead  
'em—

But *only interventional*, for so the story  
run.

Glorious days—Marseillaise—

Barricade—stopping trade—

Royal flight—fight by night,

And all the day—for that's the way

Republicans begun !

Oh, the Champion, St. Denis, swore he'd  
have a slap at Venice,

And he'd try the siege of Rome, but it  
wasn't to be done !

Tune—Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,\*

St. James of Spain a boar did slay,

While travelling to Jerusalem,

And wanted to run away, they say,

With the daughter of Caliph Cafoozlem.

He found her tending her father's flocks,

Like Norval on the Grampions—

\* \* \* \*

The end I know's not orthodox,

But—that's the last of the Champions !

We want the 'Coming Man,' &c.

## WHAT ARE THE MEN ABOUT ?

Written by R. Kitchen, and sung by Miss G. A.  
Hodson.

I really think it quite a shame—

What are the men about ?

I have not had an offer yet,

Though five years I've been out.

The first who worshipp'd at my shrine,

Was gallant Captain Trap—

But as I had no fortune got,

Why nothing came of that

Papa does first-rate dinners give,

And that the men well know—

I really think that is the cause

So many to me bow.

There's Cornet G. for one whole year

Did at our table dine—

He swore he was attach'd to me,

And call'd my charms divine !

But money, ah, that was his god—

He won the rich Miss B—,

She had some twenty thousand pounds,

For that he slighted me !

Then there was little Harry F—,

I thought that was a catch—

But with the wealthy Widow T—,

He since has made a match.

I'm sure Mama is very kind—

Papa's good-temper'd, too—

And I have got a heart to give,  
 That is both warm and true,  
 But then my fortune is but small—  
 La, how perverse is fate!  
 If I had money, then the men  
 Would gladly on me wait!

I'm sure I wish they'd do it now,  
 Encouragement I'd give—  
 Alas! I fear that I am doomed  
 A cross old maid to live!  
 Of all you gents who hear my song,  
 Will not one offer me?  
 Don't be afraid—I'll not say, no—  
 The question pop, and see!

---

### MAKING A NIGHT OF IT!

Written by Mr. J. A. Hardwick, and sung by Mr. J.  
 W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.  
 Joshua Stiggins had lived with a young  
 lady beautiful,  
 And for a whole twelvemonth done every  
 thing dutiful.  
 He lived in a half-built suburban locality,  
 Where he heard nothing else but his lady's  
 vocality.  
 He'd just settled down as a model for Be-  
 nedicts,  
 But Fortune, alas! plays us mortals so  
 many tricks—

He'd gave up his bachelor joys, yet in spite  
of it,  
He was tempted at last into making a night  
of it!

Jack Racket, his friend, was a bit of a  
rambler,  
And 'twas whisper'd, a roué, a rake, and a  
gambler.  
He nvited poor Stiggins to go and employ  
himself  
With him on the town, for a night to enjoy  
himself,  
At that Joshua's face had a deal of alarm  
in it,  
' But, damn it ' says Jack, ' Why there  
can't be no harm in it !'  
The other felt scruples, but Jack he made  
light of it,  
So he chaffed him at last into making a  
night of it.

He made an excuse to his spousy for lea-  
ving her,—  
Like the wretches of men, at the same time  
deceiving her—  
And she, nothing loth, when she found he'd  
not be with her,  
Invited a Captain to come and take tea  
with her  
Says he, ' Things they seem to be smiling  
auspiciously—  
She doesn't suspect, nor she don't look sus-  
piciously.'



He was glad when the villa he caught the  
last sight of it,  
Intent, as he was, upon making a night of  
it.

They went to the Coal Hole, the Cellars,  
and Evans's,  
Swore friendship eternal, forgetting old  
grievances—  
And Stiggins, who hadn't been used to such  
happiness,  
Declared that he ought to be shot for his  
sappiness.  
He got elevated, and whispered confidently  
What he'd do, if his lady should speak to  
him chidingly.  
'Very proper,' says Jack, 'and you're in  
the right of it—  
Vot's the odds—ain't ve happy, and making  
a night of it?'

The faster away the cigars and the sherry  
wen',  
The louder the gentleman got in his merri-  
ment,  
And offered to bet his friend Racket a  
pound or two  
He could floor all the waiters, he knew, in  
a round or two.  
With that he let fly in a style quite artis-  
tical—  
Smashed all the glass with a flourish ma-  
jestic!

The waiters they soon made a general fight  
of it,  
And Stiggins got thrashed through making  
a night of it !

He swallow'd champagne, and then talked  
of humanity,  
And swore he'd a mission to teach Chris-  
tianity,  
And being in a state of oblivious hilarity,  
Sallied forth on a search for some objects of  
charity.  
He invited a coaley to come and take wine  
with him—  
Shook hands with a sweeper, and ask'd him  
to dine with him,  
Thus time passed away, while he laugh'd  
at the flight of it—  
The Captain at home, he was making a  
night of it !

They say but one step from sublime to ridi-  
culous,  
And we all have queer notions when strange  
fancies tickle us;  
So Stiggins shed tears when he spouted  
Theology,  
And quoted from Scripture, and Heathen  
Mythology.  
He swore that this world was a place full  
of vanity,  
But Jack dropp'd a hint about grog and  
insanity—

He vowed he'd turn hermit—the other made  
light of it,  
And left him to weep, after making a night  
of it.

All things have an and, and to joy an im-  
pediment—

In the cup of our pleasures there's always a  
sediment.

He was found in the gutter, drunk, mudda  
and shivery,

And sent home at last by the Parcels' De-  
livery.

When he woke up, alas, and began for to  
rally to,

He found he was minus watch, money, and  
paletot.

Mrs. Stiggins's hand he soon felt the might  
of it,

And he's never been seen since making a  
night of it!

---

## I'M NOT SUCH A FLAT AS I USED TO BE!

Written by Mr. J. A. Hardwick, and sung by Mr. J.  
W. Sharp.

Tune—Allowed to be drunk on the Premises.

When a young man just out of my teens,  
They christen'd me, Soft Peter Gibberal,  
For, in fact, I was one of the Greens,  
And was voted good-natured and liberal.

To pay for my friends every man,  
'Twas my practice a regular goose to be,  
But now, sir, I've alter'd my plan,  
For I'm not such a flat as I used to be.  
Fol de rol, &c.

When my Gov'nor he turn'd up his toes,  
He left me a decent annuity—  
Then friends, and acquaintance, and foes,  
Flocked round me with great assiduity.  
They swore—and I took it all in—  
There was nothing on earth they'd refuse  
to me—  
But I found it was all through my tin—  
For I'm not such a flat as I used to be !  
Fol de rol, &c.

Then the borrowers poured in galore--  
' Dear Peter, pray lend us a bob or two.'  
I gave it, and offer'd them more,  
And, Sammy-like, heaved up a sob or two  
In my heart generosity flowed,  
A 'good sort' I couldn't but choose to be.  
But now they might ask and be blowed,  
For I'm not such a flat as I used to be !  
Fol de rol, &c.

For a mansion I paid rather high,  
In a sort of a West-end Siberia—  
But now I live next to the sky,  
Because it's much cheaper and airier.  
Once I dreamt of a Poet's great name,  
And used very fond of the Muse to be—

But, like Bunn, I've cut writing for fame,  
For I'm not such a flat as I used to be!  
Fol de rol, &c.

Then my dress was A. 1. in all parts—  
My boots they were real Pannus Corium—  
Now I stick to the toggery Marts,  
And patronize Moses' Emporium,  
Relations don't call upon me—  
Poor people of course I refuse to see—  
If they come they must bring their own  
tea,  
For I'm not such a flat as I used to be!  
Fel de rol, &c.

Through the number of friends I did know,  
And keeping up rare hospitality,  
The exchequer began to run low,  
So I fled to another locality.  
I moved, and I dodged them about  
Till I couldn't well tell where the deuce  
to be—  
But now I'm invariably 'out'—  
For I'm not such a flat as I used to be!  
Fol de rol, &c.

They vowed at each party, the belles,  
That I was the life and the soul of it,  
Till what with the Clubs and the Hells,  
My fortune I run through the whole of it.  
But at last I woke up from my sleep,  
And swore never more such a goose to be,

So now I dine out on the cheap,  
 For I'm not such a flat as I used to be !  
 Fol de rol, &c.

Now I'll end with a maxim of mine—  
 Beware of expensive gastronomy !  
 Hospitality's all very fine,  
 But it's better to study economy.  
 At my selfish ideas you may carp,  
 But a victim again I don't choose to be,  
 From a *Natural* I've learnt to *B. Sharp*—  
 For I'm not such *A. Flat* as I used to be !  
 Fol de rol, &c.

---

### COMIC CUTS AT THE CARDS.

Popular Comic Song written by Mr. J. Newell, and  
 sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

By what I've read of Authors' works, I  
 find it is the case,  
 To Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, they've com-  
 par'd the human race,  
 So to differ from them in my song, if you'll  
 list to my lay,  
 I'll compare them to a Pack of Cards, and  
 the different Games they play,  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Among society you'll find there's *High*,  
*Low*, *Jack*, and *Game*—  
 There's *Shuffling*, *Cutting*, *Dealing*, too—  
 and at card's there's just the same.

By Dame Nature we're all *dalt out*—our  
*scores* are mostly *rubs*—

Some live by *Diamonds*, some by *Arts*, and  
 some by *Spades* and *Clubs*.

Tol de rol, &c.

Now if the rich should with the poor be  
 playing at *All Fours*,

You'd find the *Game*, if fairly played,  
 would be at equal *Scores*—

The Queen is *High*, and with Lord John,  
 they *High* and *Jack* would claim,

And if they *Dealt* fair to the poor, they'd  
 find 'em *Low* and *Game*.

Tol de rol, &c.

Lord Johnny Russell's grumbled at for not  
 moving his stumps—

He's proved himself an idle *Knave*, and not  
 a *Jack of Trumps*—

And if he don't mind what he's at, before  
 he's done his job,

He'll stand a chance to be *Turned up*, and  
 get one for his *Nob*. Tol de rol, &c.

Now at the Lords' and Commons,' too, they  
 play at *Politics*—

They count their *Game* by *Show of Hands*,  
 and cheat us with their *Tricks*.

And when we come to reckon up what  
 they have been about,

It's *Shuffling*, *Cutting*, *Turning up*, and  
 unfairly *Dealing out*. Tol de rol, &c.

Railways have been for many years a Game  
of *Speculation*—

Their greatest *turn up's* been with *Spades*  
and ground throughout the nation.

Shareholders, with their grimaces, appear  
all in the dumps—

They've purchased lots of Scrip on spec,  
and none have turned up *Trumps*.

Tol de rol, &c.

The drunkard's Game is mostly *Beating*  
*Neighbours out of Doors*,

And on the ground is often found, playing  
at blind *All Fours*.

His *Score* is chalked behind the bar—his  
*Tricks* are mostly *Odd*,

He loses five bob by the *Game*, or finds  
himself in quod. Tol de rol, &c.

Thieves are reckoned artful *Cards*, and at  
*Cribbage* gain much fame,

And after they have cracked a *Crib*, are  
mostly counted *Game*.

And swindlers with their cheating *Tricks*,  
after *Shuffling* always *Cut*,

And the magistrates to prison often play  
with them at *Put*. Tol de rol, &c.

Now as I've told of many *Cards*, and va-  
rious Games about,

One more remark I will *Turn up*, before my  
*Deal* is out—



I hope the Queen and Ministers will fairly  
play their parts,  
And our esteem they will not lose, if they  
but win our *Hearts* ! Tol de rol, &c.

---

## DANCING MASTER'S DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

I've carried arms through lands afar,  
France, Italy, and Spain,  
And many a wound, and many a scar,  
I carry home again.  
I never loved a single lot,  
The more the merrier chance,  
So the women I courted, the men I shot,  
And the girls I taught to dance.

It happen'd once I called a dance—  
My musket in my hand—  
The troops were ordered to advance,  
And all to heed command,  
Now here the plaguy chance admire—  
As strange as e'er you read of—  
The serjeant call'd, ' Present arms—fire !  
I did, and shot my partner's head off !  
Oh, then what a hurry skurry,  
My ruin they seemed to delight in—  
'Twas hard to decide in the flurry,  
Who was dancing, and who was fighting.

Inoame the soldiers,  
Head and shoulders,  
Helter, skelter,  
Routing, shouting,  
Crossing, forming,  
Charging, storming,  
Now they foot it left and right—  
Now they're out of order quite—  
Bend and sink, but not so low—  
Now they're all too much of a row !  
Forward hop !  
Backward pop !  
There they go !  
Toe and heel now they jumble !  
Now they reel — now they tumble !  
Now advance !  
What's the dance ?  
Order handy—  
Drops of Brandy !  
Stand at ease !  
Butter'd Peas !  
Now, parade !  
White Cockade !  
To the right, wheel !  
Duncan's Reel !  
To the left, dress !  
Mad Bess !  
Rank and file !  
Mouth of the Nile  
Fall back !  
Paddy Whack !  
Order arms !  
Sukey's Charms !

Wheel to the right !  
Jack's Delight !  
March away !  
Devil to Pay !  
Fire a volley !  
Charming Molly !

Fire away soldiers ! fire away sailors !  
Play the Devil among the tailors !  
Cling, clang, bang, bang, crittle, crattle !  
How folks dance about in a battle !

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## THE WAY OF THE WORLD !

Written by Mr. James Newell, and sung by Mr. J.  
W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

As you travel through life, if you're wealthy you'll find  
A number of friends you'll secure,  
Who are eager to serve you, and uncommonly kind,  
But they fly off, if once you are poor,  
And when you're provided, you'll find they will tend  
At your service whatever they've got  
But if you're in want not a brown will they lend,  
And you can't 'raise the wind' 'mongst the lot !  
Heigho ! you'll all find it so—

That your friends when they find you're  
into poverty hurl'd,  
They'll all cut their sticks—it's the way of  
the world !

If your larder's well stored—(you'll find I  
am right)—

They'll swarm like a parcel of bees—  
And drop in to see you —*unexpectedly quite*,  
Just in time for your dinners and teas.  
But if you're hard up, and in want of a  
meal,

About the whole day you may roam,  
And call at their houses to make an appeal,  
But your friends you will find not at  
home !

Heigho ! you'll all find it so—  
That when through misfortunes you're into  
poverty hurled,  
Your friends hop the twig—it's the way of  
the world !

If estates you have got, or have plenty of  
wealth,

And through illness confined to your bed,  
There's such anxious enquiries after your  
health,

And on what you're obliged to be fed.  
There's presents of jellies, and nice things  
galore,

And taste them, of course, why you  
must —

But if you were dying, and by chance  
should be poor,  
They'd not bring you so much as a crust.  
Heigho ! you'll all find it so—  
That if you are rich, and near death should  
be hurled,  
Your friends wish you dead—it's the way of  
the world !

While you're up in the stirrups, they  
bring all the news,  
And you with fine compliments greet —  
You'll find as you're strolling plenty ' How  
do you do's.  
And are shook by the hand in each street.  
But should you come down you'll not get a  
nod,  
And your friends you will soon under-  
stand—  
Should it come to the worst, and you're  
took off to quod.  
Not one will you find lend a hand !  
Heigho ! it's always found so—  
That when through misfortunes into trou-  
bles you're hurled,  
There's no shaking of hands—it's the way  
of the world !

While you keep up the feast friends will  
call every day,  
And your children are called little  
d ars—

To find the ducks poorly they're sorry, they  
say,  
And they shed a few crocodile tears,  
But when that your splendour has lost all  
its shine,  
And for dinner you've nothing but  
sprats—  
There's no cards to invite you to their  
place to dine,  
And your children are termed 'little  
brats !'  
Heigho ! it's always found so—  
When in want of a meal, and into poverty  
hurled,  
You're not asked out to dine—it's the way  
of the world !

While there's wine in the cellar, and of  
grub there's a smell,  
Your friends will keep calling, you'll  
find.  
They'll pop in to see you, and hoping you're  
well  
For fear you should think them un-  
kind.  
But if you should fail, you're left in the  
dark,  
And your friends always make it a rule,  
To cut your acquaintance, and pass the re-  
mark.  
It's a pity he's been such a fool !  
Heigho ! you'd better act so,

Before that you find you're into poverty  
hurled,  
Look after yourselves, and don't trust to  
the world!

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## WHEN WILL WOMEN HOLD THEIR TONGUES?

Written by J. H. Holloway, Esq. and sung by  
Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Bow wow wow.

When 1848 comes back—  
And that is all a hum, sir—  
When ev'ry jolly sailor Jack  
Will swallow no more rum, sir.  
When misers throw their gold away,  
And beggars pass it by, sir—  
When donkies cease to kick and bray,  
And children cease to cry, sir—  
Oh, then—oh, then!  
Oh, then—oh, then  
Will womeu hold their tongues, sir.

When cats away from mice shall run,  
And snails shall beat race-horses—  
When every farthing weighs a ton,  
And prize-fighters make no crosses, sir.  
When blackamoors are washed quite white,  
And nothing's pawned or spouted, sir:  
When Peelers keep awake all night,  
And lawyers all are scouted, sir.  
Oh then, &c.

When coals won't burn, or snow falls black,  
Or winter comes no more, sir—  
When bullet balls come flying back  
Into the same gun's bore, sir.  
When tax gatherers fail to call,  
And thunder makes no noise, sir—  
When Stocks do neither rise nor fall,  
But always keep their poise, sir.  
Oh, then, &c.

When old maids leave off drinking tea,  
Hodges' gin, and talking scandal, sir,  
And all's ashamed—all, all but me—  
T' hold t' the Devil the candle, sir!  
When creditors give up their dues,  
And ope'd is every prison door, sir—  
When grapes and apples grow on yews,  
And parishes have no poor, sir!  
Oh then, &c.

When flints drop tears, and sob and fret,  
And fishes cannot swim, sir—  
When water ceases to be wet,  
And Quakers wear no brim, sir.  
When toppers do renounce their glass,  
And sugar turns quite sour, sir—  
When man can say ' You shall not pass  
Oh, Time, another hour,' sir.  
Oh then, &c.

When lobsters crawl in people's hair,  
And fleas draw hackney coaches, sir—



When gas lights make a glimmering flare,  
And tombstones worn for brooches, sir !  
When butter's used for paving-stones,  
And boiled cauliflowers rammers, sir—  
When brickbats are turned into bones,  
And newspapers tell no crammers, sir !  
Oh then, &c.

When Chancery suits last but a week,  
And clients bear no loss, sir—  
When everybody speaks good Greek—  
E'en King Charles at Charing Cross, sir.  
When milestone seed is sold by drachms,  
And rocks dance hornpipes true, sir—  
When Epping sausages make hams,  
And milk is not sky blue, sir !  
Oh then, &c.

When off is paid the National Debt,  
And bribery at elections cease, sir—  
When Warren's blacking's black as jet,  
And we have lasting peace, sir,  
When critics justice with mercy blend,  
And authors write but truth, sir—  
When monopoly and strife shall end,  
And old men restored to youth, sir !  
Oh then, &c.

When elephants are caught by gnats,  
Nor knaves nor fools remain, sir--  
When lynx all turn as blind as bats,  
And 'tis pleasure to bear pain, sir.  
When John Bull dislikes good cheer,  
And song and glee's a bore, sir—

When harmony's dispensed with here,  
 And the world it is no more, sir,  
     Oh, then—oh, then!  
     Oh, yes—oh, then  
 Will women hold their tongues, sir!

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### WALK ALONG, LORD JOHN!

Written by Mr. John Labern, and sung by Mr. J.  
 W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.  
 The world is moving on, and you,  
     Lor John, of course should move on, too :  
 No doze a dozing by the way—  
 You'll nap it if you do--so pray  
 Walk along John! walk along, John!  
 Drowsy John! walk along, John!  
 Don't go to sleep till the work's all done!

Anything for a change—good luck to you,  
     do  
 Take the duty off snuff, or powder blue :  
 Give the folks a feast of fra-ter-ni-ty,  
 And the run of the Docks, just to *pipe*  
     their eye!

Walk along, John! walk along, John!  
 Sleepy John! walk along, John!  
 You must move on as the rest have done!

Tax old maids, John, left and right,  
 But don't tax people heavy for *light*.

In the Exchequer we're extremely low,  
 With you it's *in-come*, but with us *out go*.  
 Walk along, John! walk along, John!  
 Sluggard, John! walk along, John!  
 Don't you imagine your work's half done.

The tide of affairs is turning round—  
 Look alive, John, or you'll sure be drown'd.  
 Go with the stream that's running free,  
 Or you'll meet with your *Fi-nal-ity*!  
 Walk along, &c.

Look to Spain, John—keep it in tune—  
 Or we'll have no Spanish *inguns* soon—  
 A perfect *bull-war*'s raging there,  
 And all about a *sooty mare*.  
 Walk along, &c.

Stop peace-breakers' vile abuse,  
 Who've all to gain, and nothing to lose—  
 If physical force the laws will break,  
 Your physic, John, you must force 'em to  
 take. Walk along, &c.

Do pass that Sanitary Bill—  
 Let dirty folks, if they choose, be ill—  
 You want *Mor-peth* about you, I ween,  
 To make us healthy, sweet and clean!  
 Walk along, &c.

Don't give the *Specials* another job,  
 To leave their counter to encounter the  
 mob—



Each lady smiled, and seemed quite glad  
A company so large to see.

The tea poured out, to comfort them,

Mrs. Clack, with serious air,  
Said, 'Ladies, tattling I condemn,  
But I expect a fine affair.'

Then all at once the ladies prate,  
Nods and winks, and shrugs abound—  
And scandal, at a driving rate,  
Together with the tea goes round.

I something know which gives me pain—  
I saw enough the other night—

Pray don't mention it again—

Mrs. B. is very light—  
But as she is a friend of mine,  
Her character I would not stain ;  
Such goings on are very fine !

Things, I think, are very plain !  
Then all at once, &c.

Mrs. Sharp, the lawyer's wife

Protests she somehow often thinks,  
Yet would not, for the world, cause strife,  
That Mr. Murphy's lady drinks.

Another says, 'tis true, no doubt,  
For Mrs. Murphy's friend, Miss Hood,  
With Mrs. M. is always out,  
And she is not a bit too good !

Then all at once, &c.

And then there's blushing Mrs O.,  
Who constantly her church attends—

Although to plays she wlll not go,  
Has got some very flighty friends.  
Miss Jemima Frumpy thought,  
But could not pretend to say,  
That Miss Amelia Mary Gort  
Was really in the fam'ly way.  
Then all at once, &c.

Mrs. Envy tossed her head,  
And of Mrs. Higg enquired  
What she thought of Mrs. Ted,  
And others whom the men admired ?  
Think, indeed ! cried Mrs. Higg—  
Indeed, to tell the truth, I think  
She's quite a fright, and wears a wig,  
And thickly paints, both white and pink !  
Then all at once, &c.

Mrs. Milton might have grace,  
But gracefulness—well, what of that ?  
She has a downright Chinese face—  
Her nose it is so broad and flat.  
Mrs. Envy said, Miss Pine  
Had got a mouth just like a horse ;  
Some folks might think her skin was fine,  
But 'twas, in fact, extremely coarse !  
Then all at once, &c.

Another subject's soon advanced—  
The servant girls are brought to book—  
Sally is an idle jade—  
A saucy hussey is the cook.

Mary don't rise soon enough—  
Ellen with the men is bold—  
Becky steals the kitchen stuff—  
Susan is a downright scold !  
Then all at once, &c.

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### WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORN- ING !

Written by Mr. W. H. C. West, and sung Mr. J. W.  
Sharp,

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Brave boys, let's all be jolly !  
A fig for melancholy—  
Since grieving's all a folly,  
'Tis folly to grieve, that's clear !  
While good humour each face is adorning,  
While sorrow in glee we are scorning,  
We won't go home till morning,  
Till daylight does appear !  
We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning, &c.  
Till daylight does appear !  
Till daylight, &c.  
We won't go home till morning,  
Till daylight does appear !

When first the vine was planted,  
A boon to man was granted—  
The world became enchanted,  
And sorrow in fright took wing !  
But to keep her for ever away, boys,

We to Bacchus our homage must pay,  
boys—

So here while we may let us stay, boys,  
And out of pure gratitude sing—

We won't go home, &c.

Great Jove was a hearty good fellow,  
As poets of old could tell, O—

With nectar he used to get mellow—

(And no doubt it was jolly good stuff!)

Such example we cannot but follow,

Then hogsheads of wine let us swallow,

Till we beat the old gentleman hollow,

But never cry 'Hold, enough!'

So we can't go home till morning—

We won't go home, &c.

What the pleasure of wine surpasses,

When bright in the sparkling glasses?

'Tis quaffed to the beautiful lasses—

Oh, rich are the joys that spring!

Since the brightest of pleasure on earth,  
boys,

Must in the full wine cup have birth, boys,

Brave Bacchus will join in our mirth, boys,

And merrily merrily sing—

We won't go home, &c.

Sobersides may rail if they will, boys,

At the wisdom of drinking still, boys—

But those who will not drink their fill, boys,

Such fellows deserve to be sad!



There's no sorrow but wine can cure,  
 boys—  
 There's norhing in life we endure, boys,  
 But to drown it in wine we are sure, boys,  
 Then raut and roar like mad  
 We won't go home, &c.

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## BILLY TAYLOR.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17 Holborn.

Billy Taylor was a gay young fellow,  
 Full of mirth and full of glee,  
 And his heart he did diskiver  
 To a lady fair and free.  
 Tiddy iddy ol, &c.

Four-and twenty stont young fellows,  
 Clad they were in blue rray,  
 Came and press'd poor Billy Taylor,  
 And forthwith seut him to sea,

Soon his true love followed arter,  
 Under the name of Richard Carr—  
 And her lily white hands she daubed all  
 over  
 Wlth the nasty pitch and tar.

When they came to the first engagement,  
 Bold she fit amongst the rest,  
 Untila cannon ball did cut her jacket open  
 And diskiver'd her lily white breast!

When the captain come for to hear on't,  
Says ne 'Vat vind has blown you here?'  
Says she 'I come for to seek for my true  
love,  
Whom you press'd, and I love so dear!'

'If you come for to seek for your true love,  
Tell unto me his name, I pray '  
'His name, kind sir, is Billy Taylor,  
Whom you press'd, and sent to sea.'

'If his name is Billy Taylor,  
He's both cruel and severe—  
For rise up early in the morning,  
And you'll see him with a lady fair.'

With that she ros'd up in the morning—  
Early as by break of day;  
And she met her Billy Taylor  
Walking with a lady gay.

Forthwith she called for sword and pistol,  
Which did come at her command,  
And she shot her Billy Taylor,  
With his fair one in his hand.

When the captain com'd for to hear on't,  
He werry much applauded her for what  
she'd done,  
And quickly made her the First Lieutenant  
Of the gallant 'Thunderbomb!'

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# LORD RUSSELL SAT AT SAINT STEPHEN'S GATE.

Popular Comic Song, written by Mr. J. Bruton,  
sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Lord Russell he sat at St. Stephen's gate,  
With plenty to do, both early and late—  
Applications in so fast did pour,  
He'd enough to do to answer the door!

Knock! knock! knock!

Who is dat knocking at de door?

Who is dat knockin at de door?

He was forc'd to say, don't make a din,

Unless 'tis important, you can't come in—

And 'tis no use knockin at de door any  
more—

And 'tis no use knockin at de door.

First came a man who thought he'd nouse,  
He said 'He'd die on the floor of the  
House!

The Members 'hem'd!' and began their  
scoffing—

If he wanted to *die*, they give him a *cough-*  
*ing!*

Knock! knock! knock!

Who is dat knockin at de door?

Who is dat knockin' at de door?

SPOKEN.

Is dat you, Sam? No—dat am O'Connell—  
You're as great a *lore* as is de *Tunnel*—

And it's no use knockin at de door any  
more—

And it's no use, &c.

Then up came a very little man—

His face was de colour ob a frying pan !

His mouth did foam, his eyes did roll—

A very small body, but a great soul !

Knock ! knock ! knock !

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

SPOKEN.

Dat am Cuffey ! Your wife take in washing,  
eh ?

You've been drinking, and am quite buffy,  
And it's no use, &c.

Then came a man wid a turn-up nose —

Of real Parisian cut his clothes —

An accent strangely French he bore,

Yet they thought they'd seen his face be-  
fore.

Knock ! knock ! knock !

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

SPOKEN.

Dat you, Pompey ? No—dat am Massa  
Broom ! Vet, you naturalised yourself, eh,  
Massa Broom ?

Then you'd better brush, for here is no  
room,

And it's no use, &c.

And then came a dandy, 'cute and sharp—  
He played on a gay guitar or harp.

A 'Juan' he look'd, so debonnaire—  
He said he came from Trafalgar Square.

Keock ! knock ! knock !

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

SPOKEN.

Is dat you, Bill ? No—dat am Massa Coch-  
rane—

'Then you'd better go—we don't like your  
doctrine—

And it's no use, &c.

A 'Sheeny' came next, who thought to be  
witty—

He wanted a seat—he had sat in de City—

To 'fraternise' there he made an appeal—

He'd wanted a *spoke* in de public *weal*.

Knock ! knock ! knock !

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

Who is dat knockin at de door ?

SPOKEN

Am dat you, Cæsar ? No—it am Moses.

Call again ! To-day de door against you  
closes,

And it's no use, &c.

When treason and noise, and threats are  
put,

May the door against these be ever shut.

When you call, and you can't what *you*  
want obtain,

Leave your card, and say you will look in  
again.

And it's no use knockin at de door!

So here's 'The Two K's!' If you want de  
solution—

Success to de Queen and de Constitution!

And it's no use knockin at de door, &c.

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### A BATCH OF JESTS.

Compiled by G. Hex, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Derry down.

Since jesting's quite common, among great  
and small,

A song on that subject I'll sing to you all.

Though some may be false, and some of  
'em true,

I suppose if they're droll, it's no matter to  
you! Tol de rol, &c.

At a tavern a Doctor was once heard to  
say,

'I have three fine daughters, all charming  
and gay,

And, when married, for each ten thousand's  
their due'—

Cried a Pat, 'With your lave, by my soul,  
I'll take two! Tol de rol, &c.

Once a Paddy was asked, by a sou of his  
mother,

Which was the oldest—he or his brother

'I'm oldest,' cried Pat, 'yet still I presage,  
If we live a year longer we'll be both of an  
age.' Tol de rol, &c.

At an auction, one day, a Pat stood at his  
ease,  
When he cried, 'Auctioneer, may I bid  
what I please ?'  
'Of course !' replied he—'Come, sir, bid  
away !'  
'Then,' cried Pat, bowing low, 'I bid  
you a good day !' Tol de rol, &c.

At Tyburn, one morning, for forgery was  
hung  
A young man, whose rog'ry had but a short  
run.  
Cried a Paddy just by, who was shocked at  
the sight,  
'Arrah, honey ! this comes of your *larnin*  
to write !' Tol de rol, &c.

Now I think that it's time my jesting should  
end,  
Though the truth is at present no more  
than I've penned—  
And if you are pleased with the ditty I've  
sung,  
I expect your applause—but, *if not*, hold  
your tongue ! Fol de rol, &c.

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# THINGS ARE LOOKING UP!

Written by Mr. John Labern, and sung by Mr. J.  
W. Sharp.

Tune—Bob and Joan.

The good time's come at last—  
Who would wish to shun it ?  
Trade is thriving fast—  
California's done it !  
Folks dine, tea, and and sup—  
Cash begins to fly, too—  
Things are looking up—  
If you don't think so, *I do !*  
Take an extra cup,  
Order out your fly, do—  
Things are looking up—  
If you don't think so, *I do.*

I'll bear out what I say—  
Our servant girl, ' Ann Stoker,'  
Is gone out for the day.  
In a satin dress and Poika,  
With the grocer's boy—the slut  
About was glad to pop, man—  
But she's given him the cut  
For a linen-draper's shopman !  
Take an extra, &c.

Mrs. Ann Trobuss—  
Whom money used to owe one,  
Now carries *sich* a puss,  
And won't speak *not to no one*



Her Lydia dresses now  
 Like Margaret of Anjou—  
 And her big boy, Bill, *somehow*  
 Is studving the bones and banjo !  
 Take an extra, &c.

Our milkman, Mr. Chalks,  
 With jaw gets quite inflative—  
 He eats Dutch cheese, and talks  
 The lingo likes a native.  
 He's bought a book beside,  
 And *hopes* to get on faster—  
 To teach him ' How to ride  
 A horse without a Master !'  
 Take an extra, &c.

Mrs Plainway Prout  
 Used to dress in cotton—  
 Now she does come out  
 In silks all over *shotten*.  
 Her Polka—(p'rhaps I'm blunt—  
 But lor ! she's such a strapper !)  
 Has buttons down the front,  
 Just like a fast man's wrapper.  
 Take an extra, &c.

The Browns, who used to t-ke  
 In Lloyd's-*es* Penny snob's worth,  
 Comes out and no mistake,  
 With Dickens' Monthly bob's worth.  
 They've Shakspeare's Plays outright—  
 Of his Poems, too, a set, O !

And begin to think they're quite  
 As good as Bunn's libretto !  
 Take an extra, &c.

Mr. Fluffy Bland  
 Is going it a strong one—  
 He's studying Short Hand,  
 'Cos he never could the *long one*.  
 He returned from France last week—  
 As a bear one might have shown him--  
 He'd so much hair on his cheek,  
 His mother wouldn't own him !  
 Take an extra, &c.

Our Baker used to go  
 To ev'ry Free and Easy—  
 Now he says it's low,  
 And nothing's slick but Grisi !  
 The Butcher down the street  
 Once went to 'sing songs'—on'y  
 Now he says it's *meet*  
 He should *knuckle* to *All-bony*.  
 Take an extra, &c.

Puggs's family, by goles !  
 Who often used to run late  
 For seven pounds of coals,  
 Now have it in by ton weight.  
 They've bought for their Adelaide  
 A *pianner*—sich a *one-er*—  
 Twenty bob they paid,  
 Because they'd have a *stunner*.  
 Take an extra, &c.

## FREEDOM OF OPINION!

Written by Mr. James Bruton, and sung by Mr. J.  
W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

My name's Augustus Brutus Nutts—  
None of his-self is fonder—  
I stand but five feet one, but then  
In soul I reach up yonder!  
By perfession I'm a snob—  
My mind is my domtinion—  
I'm a upright *indiwitriol*,  
And I'm for freedom of opinion  
Tol de rol, &c.

I never suffers in my walk,  
Not nothing wot's unlegal:  
I've got an eye just like an 'awk,  
Or rather, like an heagle.  
The Tory gang I blows 'em up,  
Like peelings of an *inyon*,  
For I'm for wote by *ballast*,  
And for freedom of opinion!  
To. de rol, &c.

Bob Peel pertends to rule the State,  
But good he never did yet—  
Jim Graham, I think him a hass,  
And Harry Broom a hidiot!  
It's if I could get in the house,  
The thing I'd bet a guinea on,

I'd make 'em all shake in their shoes—  
I'm for freedom of opinion!

Tol de rol, &c.

The parlour of 'The Blue Pig,' I  
O' nights seek for my pleasure,  
And stoutly I maintain my *pint*,  
On any public *measure*.

The drink I patronise is beer,  
My backer is Wirginiau—  
I'll have the seat next to the fire—  
I'm for freedom of opinion!

Tol de rol, &c.

My word is lawr—no other man  
So well exactly tells life :  
They say that I know every *think*—  
I'm quite a walking 'Bell's Life.'

If any feller argying dares—  
(A fat 'un, or a skinny 'un)—  
To doubt my word, I'll *punch his nob*—  
I'm for freedom of opinion!

Tol de rol, &c.

I rise above my feller men,  
But tain't only with that ere sex—  
I flatter myself (reether!) I  
Am A. I. with the fair sex!

They comes a crying arter me,  
As if each used a *inyon*—  
I've had three wives, and two's alive—  
I'm for freedom of opinion!

Tol de rol, &c.

For being a Chartist once, the beak  
 Said 'I *could* send you to prison !'  
 Said I, 'You can't !' said he, 'I can !'  
 And of the two ways he'd have his'n  
 I went three months for doubting--but  
 The *pint* I'd bet a guinea on--  
 To this day I don't think he could--  
 I'm for freedom of opinion !  
 Tol de rol, &c

I never throws a chance away,  
 For to self I have a good eye—  
 I never gives the wall to none  
 When walking out—why should I ?  
 If in a coach a trav'ler would o'er  
 The window hold dominion,  
 And puts it down, I'll have it up—  
 I'm for freedom of opinion !  
 Tol de rol, &c.

---

## THE "TIMES" ADVERTISEMENTS.

Written by Mr. J. A. Hardwick, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.  
 No doubt you've been amused  
 With funny things, and solemn,  
 When the papers you've perused,  
 To read 'The Times' first column,  
 Such curious thing you see,  
 That newspaper adorning--

At the top of Column Three,  
In the front page every morning.

## CHORUS.

Oh, what curious things,  
Farcical and solemn,  
Every morning brings,  
In 'The Times' first column!

There A. B. C. enquires  
About the Invitation?

P. P. P. requires  
Another explanation.

Q, in hope that this  
May meet the eye of J. B.,  
Wants to know when he  
Will come and own the baby.

Oh, what curious, &c.

The Man that stole the coat  
From Mr. Peter Mouser's—  
If he only drops a note,  
Can have a pair of trousers.

X. Y. Z.'s informed,  
That Miss Sophia Stickles  
Is latterly reformed,  
And so it's only 'Pickles.'

Oh, what curious, &c.

Y. O. is implored  
To come back to his mother—  
Everything's restor'd,  
And there won't be no bother,

Mr. Robert Bones,  
With a female friend was seen, oh !  
By Anna Maria Jones,  
Last night at the Casino,  
Oh, what curious, &c.

G. D. wants to know  
What A. B. means by writing ?  
Double X. will go  
A private box to-night, in.  
F. may rest assured  
J.'s husband's out of town, now,  
And that it's all secured—  
So there's a dear. come down, now.  
Oh, what curious, &c.

V. O. P. forgets  
Taking the silver ladle—  
M. A. S. regrets  
About the baby's cradle.  
S. O. has gone home,  
Cleaned out of every dollar—  
Mary Ann will come  
At Twelve to the Walhalla.  
Oh what curious &c.

M. V. R.'s neglect  
Makes Julia look a spectre—  
She's got, you recollect,  
A brother to protect her.  
L. may send to P.  
To get the empty coffer—  
Miss Louisa C.  
Is open for an offer. Oh, what, &c.

A. Y.'s last address

Was No. 3, Back Garret—

P. Q. writes to S.,

That he may have the parrot.

Emma S. writes P.

Her mother's out next Sunday—

So he can come to tea,

And stop all night till Monday !

Oh, what curious, &c.

K. G. has arranged

A meeting round the corner—

H. I. is deranged,

And gone to California.

Now I haven't told you half

Those little gems so pleasant—

But if I've made you laugh,

That's quite enough at present.

Oh, what curious, &c.

—

## DOMESTIC FELICITY !

OR,

WHEN A SINGLE YOUNG MAN

Written by Mr. W. H. C. West, and sung Mr. J. W.  
Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

When a single young man, you must know

With the ladies I was quite a beau—

As I gazed on their features, I thought the  
dear creatures

Were angels all walking below.



When with the young ladies I dallied,  
All declared 'twas a pity I tarried,  
And then in good sooth, I thought it a truth,  
That it was a nice thing to be married !

My affections I speedily fix'd on  
The beautiful Julia Nixon—  
And she said to me, ' Do my dear husband  
be,  
For I long for the sweet name of Dixon.'  
I wish her attempts I had parried,  
But into effect they were carried—  
For the rest of my life she became my fond  
wife—  
For it's a very rum thing when you're mar-  
ried !

Yes, soon I found out 'twas no fun,  
For a beef steak sufficient for one,  
Try all you can do, will not satisfy two,  
And so 'twas my butcher's bill run.  
Right or wrong all my wife's whims were  
carried,  
'Till really I wished myself buried—  
But, to keep us alive, we possessed babies  
five—  
The effects of a man being married !

We never can sit down to tea,  
But a kick up there is sure to be,  
Although what it's about, I can never find  
out,  
And she says it can't matter to me !

Although I've but done as my dad did,  
I never before half so sad did—  
My income grew thin, and the brokers  
came in  
And took all—except what I had married !

Then my wife grew pensive and sad,  
My woes had almost drove me mad—  
Their's the babbies did mingle, till I wish'd  
myself single,  
And thought on the chances I'd had !  
All young men who're in love should be  
rallied,  
Nor too soon to wedlock be carried,  
For when you are poor, and the wolf's at  
the door,  
It's unpleasant to know that you're mar-  
ried !

A bachelor's certainly lonely,  
Who depends on his landlady only,  
To keep all things right, and his buttons all  
tight  
On his wristbands and collars, quite homely.  
But if when in life you have sallied—  
On by plenty of cash you are carried,  
Oh, I'd have all folks told, when they've  
got enough gold,  
That its really quite nice to be married !

When the long winter evenings get in,  
(And your shoes do not let the wet in,)

Oh, then what a treat 'tis to warm your  
 cold feet  
 At the fire by which your wife's sitting.  
 The babies to bed have been hurried,  
 The supper tray's in the room carried,  
 With no fear of a dun, when the morning's  
 begun,  
 Oh, isn't it nice to be married!

---

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE COAL EXCHANGE.

Written by Mr. John Labern, and sung by Mr. J.  
 W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

The other day, in grand array, Prince Al-  
 bert straight did roll  
 Into London's wealthy city, just to open a  
 'Coal Hole'—  
 That is, I mean a Coal Exchange—and you  
 must all concur,  
 'Twas kind of him, because 'twill tend to  
 give the *coals* a *stir*. Tol de rol, &c.

Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales,  
 and the Princess Royal, too,  
 At Whitehall Stairs took water, 'mid the  
*stares* of not a few.  
 To fire salutes it was the wish of many a  
 loyal elf,  
 But the Queen would not allow one to sa-  
 lute Al, but *herself*. Tol de rol, &c.

The enthusiastic greeting of the people  
knew no check,  
The Prince of Wales in character a horn-  
pipe danced on deck—  
That is, he might have done so, though  
'twouldn't show his high sense—  
But no one axed him, and, besides, he  
hadn't got a *license*.  
Tol de rol, &c.

The royal barge swept gracefully adown  
the Thames, right slick,  
Altho' the water wasn't rough, the Prince  
was very sick—  
That is to say, he might have been, as en-  
ward he did scud,  
But Father Thames *rose* early—yes, and  
hid his *bed of mud*. Tol de rol, &c.

Round Billingsgate each *place* was fill'd by  
many a happy soul—  
Though to see the *great* procession they  
were forced to *post the coal*,  
A disagreeable *crab* behind me kindled up  
my ire—  
Said he, 'This coal procession doesn't set  
the Thames on fire!' Tol de rol, &c.

At the Custom House they landed all, like  
jolly sons of Neptune—  
When his Highness neared the Coal Ex-  
change, he had a *warm* reception.

A Knight of the Black Diamonds standing  
by, exclaimed, 'By goles !  
It's proper that a Prince of Saxe (sacks)  
should be mixed up with *coals* !'  
Tol de rol, &c.

The Recorder read a brief address, and said  
how grieved were they  
Her Majesty should happen to be *coop'd*  
up ill that day—  
He spoke in praise of diamonds black, and  
no mistake about it,  
And you *must* all allow we never could *flare*  
up without it. Tol de rol, &c.

Prince Albert then made answer, while  
every voice was dumb,  
'Tho' quite *disposed*, Her Majesty's too  
*indisposed* to come.  
Gentlemen Coal Dealers, to me you all are  
dear—  
That your 'Exchange no Robbery' will  
prove there's little fear.'  
Tol de rol, &c.

The Banquet was a splendid one, and gave  
the Prince delight—  
The Duke of Cambridge said it was a very  
*gorge--us* sight—  
Duke Arthur praised the *Sublime Porte*—  
while Russell, rather murky—  
Declared, although not hungry, he was look-  
ing after Turkey ! Tol de rol, &c.

At length Prince Albert bid adieu to the  
loyal city souls,  
And hurried back for fear the Queen might  
*haul him o'er the coals.*  
Long may she live, and give to trade an  
ever-helping hand,  
And may the diamonds black shed lasting  
lustre o'er the land !  
Through the visit—through the visit  
To the Coal Exchange !

ADDITIONAL VERSES. [AD LIBITUM.]

To see the Coal array crowds rush'd from  
*Blackheath and Blackwall—*  
They *coalesced* in Coleman Street, both  
*nubby* ones and small—  
There's sin enough committed on the land  
in ev'ry quarter,  
But nothing could approach the *gilt* that  
day upon the water ! Tol de rol, &c.

It was whisper'd that His Highness was to  
time so closely pinn'd, sir—  
When he got as far as Slough the Prince  
was fairly out of *Wind, sir.*  
The Queen was quite delighted with the  
kind attention paid him,  
The Scotch May'r that *day* acted *weel*, so  
a *barro knight* she made him !  
Tol de rol, &c.

---

## POLKAMANIA !

Popular Comic Song, written by Mr. J. Bruton, and  
sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Monsieur Jullien, with his bow,  
From London town to Trinidad,  
Upon the light fantastic toe,  
Has set the world all Polka mad !  
Upside down the world now stands,  
So much dancing *on our hands*,  
The age comes back of wild romance,  
And lives again in the Polka dance.  
Monsieur Jullien, &c.

The wealthiest lady in the land,  
In fashion's mazy world who goes,  
Thinks nought of her position grand,  
Unless the witching dance she knows,  
The noblest suitor in her train,  
Not knowing it, her love can't gain,  
Whilst the poorest gets the fav'ring glance  
If he can dance the Polka dance.  
Monsieur Jullien, &c.

The Washerwoman at her tub,  
Her labour lessens with the tune,  
For merrily will she rub and scrub,  
And time goes with her twice as soon.  
And as she mangles out the things,  
The air within her ear still rings,

And she can forget it by no chance,  
But she turns away to the Polka dance  
Monsieur Jullien, &c.

The Cobbler and Fishmonger, too,  
The fun and merriment must share,  
For quickly they their work pursue,  
While humming the exciting air.  
And mind you, the Fishmonger deals,  
Just like snob, in *soles* and *heels*—  
And in his turn will each advance,  
And step out in the Polka dance.  
Monsieur Jullien, &c.

The Barber, if you seek his shop,  
You'll find, as through his work he goes,  
That he will jump, and leap, and hop  
The while he's got you by the nose.  
And as his razor he does put,  
He says, 'Would you like to see me *cut*?'  
Then fearfully he will advance,  
And pull you round to the Polka dance,  
Monsieur Jullien, &c.

The Baker by the tune is struck,  
For while he kneading shakes a toe,  
He seems as hearty as a *buck*,  
The while attending to his *dough*.  
Unto his mill he thinks it grist,  
He gives a *roll*, and then a *twist*—  
Resolved to get, at any chance,  
The genuine real Polka dance.  
Monsieur Jullien, &c.



The Butcher boy, as through the town  
He onward trudges with his meat,  
His leg of mutton he'll lay down—  
Forgets his *leg* to mind his *feet*.  
What is the reason he does so ?  
He thinks *mutton* should with *capers* go ;  
Then on a cellar flap he'll prance,  
And give you a touch of the Polka dance.

---

### MR. SHARP !

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Gee ho, Dobbin.

There was one Mr Sharp loved a joke as  
his life,  
But he saw none in marriage, sone'er took  
a wife,  
For with bachelor's fare he was glad to re-  
main,  
And not have his knife and fork held by a  
chain.

One day he walked out with his dog at his  
heels—  
A mongrel at best, but no cur at his meals,  
Unless he found out that his ration was  
spare,  
Then a growl told that he was *cur*-tailed  
of his share.

Mr. Sharp sauntered on, and his dog lagged  
behind

To muse upon any chance bone he might  
find—

Not like Hamlet of Denmark, but like a  
brute beast,

Who of picking up bones made no bones in  
the least.

A bald porter, quite drunk, was seen reel-  
ing along,

And the mongrel, whose relish and scent  
were both strong,

Made a set at a hare which he held in his  
hand,

As if wondering to see such fine game in the  
Strand,

His master, alive for a practical joke,  
Cried, 'Here, boy!' and pointed it out as  
he spoke—

The dog took the hint, and trotted on  
faster,

Though he loved jokes quite as well as his  
master.

Old Snap played his part with such won-  
derful skill,

That, unknown to the porter, he soon had  
his fill,

And seemed as if he, for camelion's thin  
fare,

Would give up his dog's meat, and live upon  
*hare.*

The man staggered on, though he scarcely  
could stand,  
Till he held but two stumps of the legs in  
his hand,  
Whilst the dog wagg'd his tail as he wad-  
dled away,  
And appeared quite convinced that *each*  
*dog has his day.*

Now Sharp followed, laughing, determined  
to see  
The result of his frolic, whate'er it might  
be,  
Through street, and through alley, through  
crescent and square,  
He dodged the old man, who had lost al-  
his *hare*

The porter at length, as he went round  
about,  
Of a sudden appeared to have found the  
house out—  
Whilst Sharp, who stood cursing the poor  
drunken elf,  
Now saw that the hare was address'd to  
himself.

This song has a moral—(an old one, 'tis  
true)—  
'Tis to treat other folks as you wish they'd  
treat you—

And ere at your neighbour's head you cast  
a stone,  
Just to think how you'd like a few thumps  
on your own!

---

### WHAT'S AN M.P.?

Written by T. H. Reynoldson, Esq. and sung by Mr.  
J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17. Holborn.

Dedicated, by the Author's Special Permission, to  
the Honourable, the House of Commons,

As I was saunt'ring out one day,  
Our London sights to see,  
I met a young Parisian friend,  
Who thus accosted me :—  
' Mon cher, you are exact de man  
Dat I just go to seek—  
You know I study your English tongue,  
And much wish him to speak.  
Now tell me, pray, my very good friend,—  
Now tell me, pray,' said he,  
Why to your House of Commons men,  
You always address M.P. :'

Now be it understood, to be thought a wit  
No earthly wish have I,  
But a joke I love all things above,  
So thus I made reply.  
' Dear sir, there many reasons are,  
Why thus these gents we call.

I'll tell you a few—'twould take too long  
 Were I to recount them all.  
 But when I've mentioned nine or ten,  
 You then will plainly see,  
 Why to the House of Commons men  
 We always address M. P.

' These letters the initials are  
 Of different words that tell  
 Their various occupations, and  
 Their characters as well.  
 For instance—there are *Maudlin Poets*—  
*Mock Patriots*—*Merciless Praters*—  
*Mad Paddies*—*Monstrous Place-hunters*—  
 And *Mammoth Peculators*.'  
 ' Aha ! aha ! ' said my young French friend,  
 ' I now begin to see  
 Why to your House of Commons men  
 You always address M. P. '

' Mais, mon Dieu ! your tale quite curious  
 is,  
 I heard not the like before—  
 Those letters, M. P. most useful are—  
 Do they stand for anything more ? '  
 ' Yes—we've *Mouthing Protectionists*—  
*Meddling Proser*s—  
*Magniloquent Prigs*, by the score.  
 We've *Mincing Patricians*, and *Mongrel*  
*Physicians*,  
 And *Minister's Puppets*, galore ! '  
 ' Ah, oui ! oui ! my very good friend,  
 I now quite plain can see,

Why to your House of Commons men  
 You always address M. P.

I could designate them, if my time permitted,

And if you to hear me could wait.

I could designate them, Monsieur, nearly  
 the whole

Six hundred and fifty eight.

We have *Motley Plebeians*, and *Millionaire Pumpkins*—

*Magnificent Pauper*s by dozens—

*Mendacious Philanthropists*, *Manikin Plotters*,

All striving the nation to cozen.'

'*Sacre tonnerre ! my very good friend,*'

As he bade me adieu—said he,

'If these are your House of Commons men,

Vata very queer set they must be !'

## THE WIDOW BROWN.

Written by the late Thomas Hood, and sung by Mr.  
 J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Young Ben.

In Middle Row, some years ago,

There lived one Mr. Brown—

And many folks consider'd him

The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out—

One Friday he died hard,

And left a widowed wife to mourn.  
At twenty pence a yard.

Now Mrs. B. in two short months,  
Thought mourning quite a tax—  
And wished, like Mr. Wilberforce,  
To *manumit* her *blacks*.  
With Mr. Street she soon was sweet—  
The thing thus came about—  
She asked him *in* at home, and then  
At church he *asked her out* !

Assurance such as this, the man  
In asking could not stand—  
So, like a *Phœnix*, he rose up  
Against the *Hand in Hand* !  
One dreary night, the angry sprite  
Appeared before her view—  
It came a little after *one*,  
But she was after *two*.

‘ Oh, Mrs. B ! oh, Mrs. B !  
Are these your sorrow’s deeds ?  
Already getting up a flame  
To burn your widow’s weeds !  
It’s not so long since I have left  
For aye the mortal scene—  
My ‘ *Memory*,’ like ‘ *Rogers’s*,  
Should still be bound in green.

‘ Yet if my face you will retrace,  
I almost have a doubt,

I'm like an old "Forget me not,"  
With all the leaves torn out !  
To think that on that hinge's joint  
Another pledge should cling !  
Oh, Bess ! upon my very soul,  
It struck like knock and ring !

'A ton of marble on my breast  
Can't hinder my return—  
Your conduct, ma'am has set my blood  
A-boiling in my urn.  
Remember, oh, remember how  
'The marriage rite did run—  
If ever we one flesh should be  
'Tis now—when I have none !

'And you, sir, once a bosom found  
Of perjured youth convict—  
As ghostly toe can give no blow,  
Consider you are kick'd !  
A hollow voice is all I have,  
But this I tell you plain—  
Marry come up ! you marry, ma'am,  
And I'll come up again !'

More he had said, but chanticleer  
The *spritely* shade did shock  
With sudden crow, and off he went  
Like fowling-piece at cock !  
In Middle Row, some years ago,  
There lived one Mr. Brown—  
And many folks consider'd him  
The stoutest man in town !

---



## QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO IRELAND!

Written by Mr. John Labern, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Musio sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Victoria to Ireland's been,  
 Loyally her sons all treated her—  
 Hailed her as their gracious Queen,  
 While a 'hundred thousand welcomes'  
 greeted her.  
 Off Osborne House, the royal line  
 Of steamers lay—their proper quarter,  
 Her Majesty and suite took *wine*,  
 And then for Erin's Isle took *water*.  
 Shout, hurra! with three times three—  
 Whoshall call it now a *dire* land?  
 Let us hail with right good glee,  
 Queen Victoria's trip to Ireland!

They drove through water like a fork,  
 With speed enough to overawe one—  
 The Royal fleet arrived off *Cork*,  
 Almost as soon as you could *draw one*.  
 Hibernian hearts leap'd with delight,  
 The spalpeens scarce knew what to make  
 of it—  
 When the Royal squadron hove in sight,  
 A *squad* run out a sight to take of it.  
 Shout hurra, &c.

The 'boys' were in a perfect broil,  
 Or Irish stew, in all directions—

When the Queen put her foot on Irish soil,  
 She completely walked into Pat's affec-  
 tions.

In Albert's breast, though folks will talk  
 Of jealousy, there wasn't a shade of—  
 Though the Queen admired the *Cove* of  
 Cork,  
 'Twas a *cove* his Highness *warn't* afraid  
 of. Shout hurra, &c

The yacht was stopp'd while on its way,  
 Without the least of-*fish-us* gammon,  
 By fishermen, who begg'd that they  
 Might present the Queen with a fresh-  
 caught salmon.

With a smile which never fails to win,  
 Her Majesty received it gaily—  
 Tipp'd the boys her royal *fin*,  
 And didn't *shell* out a morsel *scaley*.  
 Shout hurra, &c.

When Dublin's city they came nigh,  
 Oh, sure there was such shouting, gun-  
 ning—

As Irish ears can testify,  
 The Queen's reception there was *stun-  
 ning*.

Lord Clarendon look'd mighty gay,  
 A right Lieutenant, and truly pleasant—  
 And call it a bull, but I mean to say  
 That most of the *absentees* were *present*.  
 Shout hurra, &c.

The Lord Mayor, dropp'ing on his knees,  
 Presented the City keys so dusty—  
 The appearance of them, if you please,  
 Was enough to make the Queen turn  
*rusty,*  
 But she re-*turned* them in good part,  
 And said, although she'd been much  
 jolted,  
 Ould Ireland was *locked* in her heart—  
 The May'r said 'Thankee!' then he  
*bolted!* Shout hurra, &c.

They didn't *flag* for banners there—  
 Standards waved from tow'r and steeple—  
 Though evergreens reign'd everywhere,  
 There was *not much green about the people.*  
 Hibernia's sons, from place to place.  
 The flame of loyalty kept fanning,  
 And yet we're told, about the face  
 Her Majesty received a *tanning.*  
 Shout hurra, &c.,

Money there did lightly hound  
 And seemed to give folks little troubling,  
 Many a poor old tradesman found  
 That week his *Capital* was *doublin'.*  
 We've only one complaint to book—  
 One cried 'Re-*peal*'—which rather rash  
 is—  
 And that was the Lord Lieutenant's cook,  
 When she *dropped the taties among the*  
*ashes.* Shout hurra, &c.

On quitting Ireland, gratefully,  
 The Queen—(don't think I tell a whopper?)  
 Mounted the paddle-box with glee,  
 Before Prince Albert could 'Ease her—  
 stop her!'  
 Oft may Victoria visit her  
 Poor sister country, so endearin',  
 And prove the blessed harbinger  
 Of brighter days to the Land of Erin!  
 Shout hurra! with three times three,  
 Who shall call it, then, a dire land?  
 Let us hail in song and glee,  
 Queen Victoria's Visit to Ireland!

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## THE PEACE SOCIETY,

OR,

WAR BY ARBITRATION.

Written by Mr. Thomas Ramsay, and sung by Mr. J.  
 W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Philosophers of every school have long the  
 story told,  
 There's always something *new* starts up,  
 while Time is getting *old*.  
 The newest dodge we've now on hand, is  
 known both near and far,  
 I mean the Peace Society, that now is wa-  
 ging war, Tol de rol, &c.

Gun and pistol, pike and sword, will all be  
useless now,  
Unless it be to reap and mow, to delve, to  
dig, or plough—  
They'll close the *slaughter house* of Mars—  
he'll deal no more in blows —  
They'll stick him in a harvest field, to  
fright away the crows !  
Tol de rol, &c.

Then gunpowder, shot and shell, and en-  
gines of destruction,  
By *Peace* will all to *pieces* go upon the *Peace*  
*Reduction*—  
And if we all must have a piece, as the de-  
mand increases,  
I'm sure there'll not be much peace left, if  
it be torn to *pieces*. Tol de rol, &c.

No blood must then be spilt in spite, nor  
angry wound or scar,  
For if we fight in peaceful times, 'tis but a  
*civil war*.  
Indeed, so much civility will be through-  
out the nation,  
That when we have a civil punch, 'twill be  
by 'arbitration.' Tol de rol, &c.

Now *Peace* will break the prize ring in, as  
fighting is no go,  
For *Peace* to every fighting man will give  
a *knock down blow*—

And all who live by trade of war will find  
their profits cease,  
And the *Peace* will not keep them, yet they  
may keep the *Peace*. Tol de rol, &c.

When men o' war's men are unshipp'd, who  
now are shipped all right,  
Now how will they maintain a *Peace*, while  
for a crust they *fight*?  
And every soldier they pay off, they then  
*discharge a piece*,  
That cannot give a good *report*, because  
the charges cease.  
Tol de rol, &c

These *peaceful* men are *fighting* hard their  
every action shows,  
And all the time they're making *friends* they  
are creating *foes*—  
And to keep these foes in awe, and dangers  
to increase,  
They'll have to wage a *wholesale war*, to  
get a *little peace*. Tol de rol, &c.

I grant these peaceful *measures* good, if  
they can *fill them up*,  
And every one, both great and small, may  
take a *peaceful cup*.  
But peace, like love, don't always last—our  
very nature's such—  
For often when we take our cup, we take a  
*cup too much*. Tol de rol, &c,

What I have quoted in my song I hope is  
 not too long,  
 And trust I've given no offence in this my  
 peaceful song—  
 It's what I always would avoid, whene'er  
 you on me call,  
 And I pray you, give me leave to say,  
 ' May peace be with you all !'  
 Tol de rol, &c.

---

## THE COCKNEY TOURIST !

OR,

WHERE SHALL WE GO TO ?

Written by Mr. J. A. Hardwick, and sung by Mr. J.  
 W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn

If you travel the Continent over  
 The Rhine, sir, above and below—  
 You'll find it's not safe for the present,  
 The tour of all Europe to go.  
 Oh, where shall a traveller go ?  
 Oh, where can a tourist now go ?  
 From Constantinople to Dover,  
 There's nowhere a tourist can go !

Without meeting a small Revolution  
 You can't travel onward a mile,  
 With just as much chance of it's ending,  
 As to find out the Source of the Nile.  
 Oh, where shall &c.

Gaul's too full of *gall* for a tourist—  
In Italy's classical land  
They're playing a game at *French Hazard*,  
And Austria's fearfully *banned*.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

The Spas, they are all in hot water,  
And Spain don't behave as she ought—  
I can't recommend you *Madeira*,  
Nor none of the *Öttoman Porte*.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

There's Paris too fast to be pleasant,  
And Boulogne consider'd too slow—  
To Calais we're *callous* at present.  
And Havre's decidedly low.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

Up the Rhine's all U P. for the season—  
Cologne, and Coblentz, what a shame!  
Mont Blanc, and the Mountains deserted—  
The *Mountain* in Paris the same.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

The glory of Rome has departed—  
The fall of her Capitol told—  
Those Gallic *Brute-asses* and *Seizers*  
Are worse than the *Cæsars* of old!  
Oh, where shall, &c.

As for Venice, Vienna, and Berlin,  
There's no telling when they may fall—



Madrid's *mad-ridden* with clergy,  
And Seville not *civil* at all.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

It's no go to visit Vesuvius—  
Still it's one consolation to know  
There are other *Eruptions* much greater  
Than Vesuvius could possibly show.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

There's the Papal States all in confusion,  
Through some of the *Cardinal sins*—  
What a rare piece of work for the Pontiff  
To settle—that is, if he wins.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

There's Florence for oil that's famous—  
But it isn't the oil of Peace—  
Thanks to foreigners' kind intervention,  
You can't see the least spot of *Greece*.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

It's queer up the Mediterranean—  
The Elbe's in a state of blockade—  
And, remember that all interlopers,  
Get 'Used up' in the first barricade.  
Oh, where shall, &c.

Since abroad's all *abroad* for the present,  
Why turn to the beauties of home—  
There are places this country all over,  
A tourist can peacefully roam.

And there can a traveller go—  
 There can a tourist go!  
 On a ramble Old England over,  
 A tourist can peacefully go.

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### LORD LOVEL.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,  
 Combing his milk white steed—  
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell,  
 To wish her lovier good speed, good  
     speed,  
 Wishing her lovier good speed!

‘ Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?’  
     she said—

‘ Oh, where are you going?’ said she.

‘ I’m going, my Lady Nancy Bell,  
 Foreign countries for to see e-e—  
                     Foreign countries, &c

‘ When will you come back, Lord Lovel?’  
     she said—

‘ When will you be back?’ said she.

‘ In a year or two—or three or four,  
 I’ll come back to my Lady Nancee e e—’  
                     I’ll come back, &c.

He had only been gone twelve months and  
 a day,  
 Foreign countries for to see—

When languishing thoughts came into his head,

Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e !  
Lady Nancy, &c.

So he rode, and he rode, on his milk white  
steed,

Till he came to London town—

And there he heard St. Pancriddle bells,  
And the people all mourning around !  
And the people, &c

‘ Oh, what is the matter ?’ Lord Lovel ne  
said—

Oh, what is the matter ?' said he.

'A Lord's lady is dead!' the people all  
said—

' And some call her Lady Nancee-e-e'—  
And they call her, &c

Lady Nancy she died, as it might be to-day—

Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow—

Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,

And Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow,  
And Lord Lovel, &c.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. *Pancridge's* church—

Lord Lovel was laid in the choir—

And out of her buzzum there grew a red rose,

And out of her lovier's a briar !

And out of her, &c.

So they grew, and they grew to the church steeple top,

And they couldn't grow up no higher—

So they twined themselves in a true over's knot,

For all lovers true to admire !

For all lovers, &c.

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## THE MODERN SWELL'S DIARY.

Written by Mr. J. A. Hardwick, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

I'm a gentleman reduced by railway speculations,

Though not possess'd of ample means. I've splendid expectations;

My uncle he's Director of 'The Round  
the Corner Junction'—

I often draw a pound of him without the  
least compunction.

On my word!

By studying economy I live like a lord!

Since I've been on the town, alas, by fickle  
fortune undone,

I've found out there's more ways than one  
to live slap-up in London.

The world is bad, but I contrive first-rate  
to rattle through it,

So if you'll only list to me, I'll tell you  
how I do it! On my word, &c.

I rise at half past nine, A. M. and then I  
make my toilet,

Pipeclay my front, rub up my boots, my  
hair with candle oil it.

As breakfast is a matter pure of taste, why  
I don't mind it,

So if I've none I go without, and healthy,  
too, I find it! On my word, &c.

By ten o'clock I sally out, and go and hear  
the band play—

That brings me to eleven, then I promenade  
the Strand way—

Until I get to London Bridge, that rendez-  
vous of schemers,

Where half an hour glides away, admiring  
the steamers. On my word, &c.

That brings me round to twelve o'clock,  
then I invest a Joey  
In half a loaf, and pick out one slack baked  
and rather doughy—  
Because, you see, it satisfies—I feel com-  
pelled to tell it—  
A drink of water at the pump most cer-  
tainly will swell it!

On my word, &c,

At one I buy a mutton pie, and hide it in  
my pocket—  
Dive up a narrow court, and there I bolt it  
like a rocket.  
I'm not obliged to let the world know what  
I have for dinner—  
If people think you're living queer, they  
swear you're getting thinner!

On my word, &c.

By two I reach the coffee shop, and read a  
book till seven,  
And then I take a half a pint of four ale till  
eleven—  
By twelve get home, and make no row to  
wake up Mother Randle,  
And in the dark I go to bed, because it  
saves a candle! On my word, &c.

I like to save expenses, and as trifles don't  
annoy me,  
With washing up my things at night an  
hour or two employs me—

There's nothing lost by that, you see, for  
while the linen dries, sir,  
Why I'm engaged concocting up a scheme  
to gain supplies, sir !  
On my word, &c.

Sometimes to make a stunning meal I task  
my ingenuity,  
Then I indulge in meat, but that I own's a  
superfluity.  
As I can't a-bear block ornaments, for fear  
of those small maggots—  
I wait till eight o'clock comes round, and  
patronises faggots,  
On my word, &c.

I'm not particular to a shade, and when  
the funds are waning,  
I calculate the best way to dispose of  
what's remaining.  
I used to have a penny scrape, but now I'm  
getting saving,  
So when it's dark I go where a brown will  
do the shaving. On my word, &c.

I like to blow a Meerschaum pipe—in  
palmy days I bought one—  
But now the times are altered, and I'm glad  
to smoke a shortone.  
When there's no visions of cigars, and very  
low the coppers,  
I walk along St. James's Park, and pick up  
all the toppers. On my word, &c.

The faculty they all declare light suppers  
aid digestion—

And I decidedly agree in their view of the  
question.

But if a friend invites me home, I do ac-  
cept his offer—

If not, why then I speculate a penny in a  
Gouffre.                      On my word &c.

I've told you now particulars of how I pass  
the day away—

By living very close, you see, I haven't  
much to pay away.

Sometimes I get reduced, I own, to pease  
pudding on a Friday,

But still, considering all things, why I do it  
very tidy !                      On my word, &c.

## OLD THAMES AND THE NEW EXCHANGE.

Written by Mr. Thomas Ramsay, and sung by Mr. J.  
W. Sharp.

Tune—There's nae luck.

You've heard, no doubt, a story told of a  
a night of storms and squalls,

Of a conversation which took place 'twixt  
the Monument and St. Paul's.

The other night I dreamt a dream, the  
subject quite as strange,

Of a conversation which took place 'twixt  
the Thames and the Coal Exshange.

Tol de rol, &c.



Methought old Thames from his bed arose  
in all his nuisance clad,  
And stood in front of the new Exchange—  
his visage wild and sad.

‘Coal Hole, ahoy!’ old Thames did shout,  
as loud as loud could be—

‘Well, old boy,’ said the young Exchange,  
‘What do you want with me?’

Tol de rol, &c.

‘I’ve come,’ said Thames, ‘to ask the  
cause why I am treated thus?’

And why with you, though just sprung up,  
the cits make such a fuss?

Why with a common coal hole e’en Princes  
make so free,

And to *open* such a thing as you, they  
dared to *shut up* me?

Tol de rol, &c.

‘They undermine my very *bed* to make a  
Tunnel here,

They *dam* me up with piles and clay—they  
*cross me* everywhere—

With steam they plough my bosom up, my  
*inside* they pump out—

I’m forced to swallow all the filth your  
*common sewers* do spout!

Tol de rol, &c.

‘There’s not a fish comes near me now,  
my realm’s in such a state—

To seek *good bait* in purer streams, they’re  
forc’d to *emigrate*—

I've not a drop of water now, for *bath* or  
 drinking, good,  
 I'm forced to *wash* my hands and face in  
 streams of *liquid mud*!

Tol de rol, &c.

'Vile barges moor'd upon my stream drest  
 up in pomp you show'd—  
 At other times with your *black coal*, and  
 other muck you stow'd:  
 Then your folly and your pride's absurd  
 past all compare—  
 You had a true born *City Duke*, and only  
 made him *May'r*. Tol de rol, &c.

'E'en you yourself must own it is to you a  
 sad disgrace  
 To make a *Duke* a *macing cove*, and work  
 upon *the mace*.  
 I hope what I have said to you will teach  
 you, sir, to know  
 That nearly all the wealth you boast from  
 Father Thames does flow.'

Tol de rol, &c

Then up spoke the Coal Exchange, with a  
 sharp sarcastic laugh—  
 Said he, 'Old boy, since you've *got out*,  
 let's have a civil chaff  
 The Royalty who honoured me have shown  
 no pride at all,  
 If at the Coal Hole they took *wine* and  
*water* at Whitehall! Tol de rol, &c.

Now when we tunnell'd under you, I'm sure  
 you can't forget  
 That you approved the plan so much, you  
 gave them all a *wet*—  
 And then for all our common sewers—why  
 every one maintains,  
 That being such a *wet old boy*, you'd not re-  
 fuse our *drains*. Tol de rol, &c.

' And if we've caused your fish to fly, and  
 of them you're bereft,  
 Throughout your realms you will not find  
 one *scaley* subject left—  
 And for our dirty barges, which you say our  
 trash did bear,  
 That day to your *bosom* brought our *beau-*  
*ties* bright and fair. Tol de rol, &c.

As to the *Duke* we made a *May'r* to work  
 upon the *mace*,  
 He's still a *Duke* in his own right—of course  
 he's off *Duke's Place*—  
 And for his *macing* qualities, I think they've  
 served him right—  
 They've made him a *Baron*, yet what's  
 what's strange, he's ev'ry day a *Knight*.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Said the Coal Exchange, ' I'm going to  
*smoke*—we better friends shall get—  
 Said Father Thames, ' With all my heart !  
 I'll go and get a *wet*.

In short, each word the 'Change let fall he  
 turn'd it to a joke,  
 And Father Thames he laugh'd so loud,  
 that from my dream I woke!  
 Tol de rol, &c.

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### MY COOKERY BOOK.

Written by Mr. J. E. Carpenter, and sung Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

As system's a theme in which all take de-  
 light,  
 I'll make it the theme of my verses to-  
 night.  
 A system by which I amusement can give,  
 Since by system we move, and by system  
 we live.  
 But 'tis not in this simple song my inten-  
 tion,  
 The system to shew of each modern inven-  
 tion,  
 But merely to give you a bit of a look  
 In my new systematical Cookery Book.  
 There's nothing like system and organiza-  
 tion,  
 By system I'd have them to govern the na-  
 tion—  
 So pray pray attention at what you may  
 look  
 In my new systematical Cookery Book,

It is not to cook for the mouths of the nation.

But a cookery system of nobler creation—

A plan by which ev'ry profession and trade,

By equal proportions may always be made.

You've only to follow the plans that I give you.

And wealth and prosperitv ne'er oan out  
live you,

So I'll tell you at once at what you may  
look

In my new systematical Cookery Book.

There's nothing, &c.

How to cook up a wedding I'll presently show—

First find two young people—a belle and a  
beau—

Put then both in a room with a sofa and fire.

See them seated, and then for an hour retire.

Let this be repeated for three or four days,

Then send them together to three or four plays—

Let them simmer awhile, and it soon will appear

They'll be ready to marry in less than a year. There's nothing, &c.

There's nothing, &c.

To cook an old maid—first take sighs two  
or three,

Takesheeps' eyes, and plenty of gunpow-  
der tea—

Let them stand for a time—mind Love's  
fire don't catch 'em—

With vinegar season the temper to match  
'em.

Let these matters boil slowly—but mind  
you don't jar 'em,

And don't let a *man* cook e'er meddle to  
mar 'em—

In a skin of lean parchment your dish must  
be set,

And an old maid complete you will pre-  
sently get.      There's nothing, &c,

To cook up a fop, you may soon, to your  
wishes—

Though there's plenty of those sort of ready  
made dishes—

Find a stupid young man, with a slovenly  
air,

And let him be dress'd in the skin of a bear :  
Then a penny cigar in his mouth you may  
stick—

In his hands you must place an immense  
walking stick—

Then a three shilling hat—for it musn't be  
higher—

With collars and wristbands, is all he'll  
require.      There's nothing, &c.

To make a fat alderman, take a poor cit,  
Who hasn't much money, but plenty of wit.

Set him up in a shop with a good stock of  
brass,  
And a capital fortune he'll quickly amass—  
Then send him to several good turtle eat-  
ings—  
Let him pass through the roastings of all  
civic meetings—  
You'll be sure to succeed, if he's not done  
too brown,  
And then after a time serve him up in his  
gown.                    There's nothing, &c-

To make a good lawyer—first catch a great  
rogue—  
If Irish, the better, because of his brogue.  
Give him two or three briefs, but not brief  
let them be,  
And the strength of the animal quickly  
you'll see.  
Take essence of flummery, four or five  
grains,  
Let the heart be stewed *hard*—mind, take  
every pains—  
He must swear that black's white—white's  
no colour at all—  
And, if lucky, he'll soon take his seat at  
Whitehall l        There's nothing, &c.

But to cook an M. P. is a dish of great me-  
rit--  
Take impudence first, and then take party  
spirit—

Let them in a poor patriot both be com-  
bin'd—

Then Mint Sauce, or sauce from the Mint,  
you must find.

Put into his mouth then a lengthy oration—  
Put taxes, and titles, and the wrongs of  
the nation—

Let him grill for a season, with plenty of  
fees,

And then you may turn him which way  
that you please!

There's nothing, &c.

To cook up a schoolboy, first take a dull  
lad,

Who before has been spoilt by his mother  
or dad.

Just frighten him well with a score of  
harsh looks,

Then let him stew over a lot of hard  
books.

Beat him up like an egg with a long sprig  
of birch,

Well baste him, and stick him atop of a  
perch.

With a cane or bamboo give him many a  
thump,

And don't you forget to well pepper his  
rump!

There's nothing like system and organiza-  
tion,

By system I'd have, &c.

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## WHEN DAPPER, DAPPER BEAUX !

Written by T. H. Reynoldson, Esq. and sung by Mr.  
J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Co. 17, Holborn.

Oh, dear ! when dapper, dapper, dapper  
beaux,

With tales of flattery attack a maiden's  
ear,

Her heart a pit a pat, a pat a pit goes,

And feels a fluttering of passion and of  
fear.

So fast his clapper, clapper, clapper goes,

No rest her napper, napper, napper knows,

Fiercely his bosom glows—his bosom  
glows—

He tries with many funny, funny wiles,

To win her sunny, sunny, sunny smiles—

And bounding through each fond bosom,

Their mutual passion warmly flows.

For if they sigh away, and cry away, and  
die away,

And swim along, and skim along, and spin  
along,

While love o'er all his radiance throws,

Her eye is softly languishing,

His eye with force is smiling,

The heart it loses anguish in—

Her charms o'er all prevailing,

At her glances—her sparkling glances,

Her lover's heart is bounding cheerily,

His pulse is beating merrily—

His faith he swears he'll ne'er be fickle in,  
For his bosom love is tickling so awfully.  
Next comes blissful reposing, exquisite do-  
zing !

Oh, dear ! the pretty, pretty dear !

Now she no longer feels the fluttering of  
love !

But wedlock and woe bring hurry, scurry—  
Then doubts soon begin to worry, flurry !

His jealousy she sighs about,  
Her gadding out he cries about !  
She flounces, and she flies about !

He swearing he'll rove again !

Oh, you gadabout, you're never quiet in !

Oh, you sad lout, you're ever rioting !

Hang wedlock's iron fetters !

I might have had your betters !

The tempest thus they roll about, and toss,  
and bowl about —

And tear away, and flare away, and stare  
away !

And stump about, and glump about, and  
thump about !

And smash away, and flash away, and dash  
away !

With clang ! clang ! bang ! bang !

With ceaseless roll about, and troll about,  
and bowl about !

And tear away, and flare away, and stare  
away !

Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place,  
Went the high trotting mare at a deuce of a  
pace—  
She produced some alarm, but she didn't do  
harm,  
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her  
arm—  
Knocking down, very much to the sweepers  
dismay,  
An old woman who couldn't get out of the  
way—  
Upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,  
Which made all the pious Church Mission  
folks squall.

But eastward afar, through Temple Bar,  
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car,  
Never heeding their squalls, their calls, or  
their bawls,  
And merely just catching a glimpse of St.  
Paul's.  
Turns down the Old Bailey, in front of the  
jail, he  
Pulls up at the door of a gin shop, and gaily  
Cries, 'What must I fork out to-night, my  
trump,  
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and  
Stump?'  
The clock struck twelve--it's dark midnight,  
And the Magpie and Stump's one blaze of  
light--  
The parties are met, the tables are set,  
There's punch, cold without, hot with heavy  
wet,

Ale, glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,  
And sand on the floor without carpets or  
rugs—

Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars.  
Welsh rabbits and kidneys, rare work for the  
jaws.

The clock struck one--the supper is done,  
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun—  
My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin toddy,  
And laughing at everything and everybody.  
All singing and drinking save Captain Mc.  
Fuze,

Who's dropping his head and taking a snooze,  
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,  
Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock struck two, and the clock struck  
three--

Who's so merry, so merry as we?

The clock struck four—round the debtors door  
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more.

The clock struck five--the sheriffs arrive,  
And the crowd is so great, the street seems  
alive.

Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and winks,  
A candle burns down in the socket and stinks,  
While Lieutenant Tregoo, and my Lord Tom-  
noddy,

Are nodding their heads through drinking  
their toddy,

And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,  
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

The clock struck nine, the finishing stroke,  
And then my Lord Tomnoddy awoke,  
And Tregoo and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,  
And Captain Mc.Fuze with the black on his  
nose.

Holloa ! holloa ! here's the devil to pay !  
The fellow's been cut down and taken away—  
They'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,  
We're all of us done so uncommonly brown,  
What was to be done ? 'twas perfectly plain  
They couldn't well hang the man over again.  
What was to be done ? the man was dead,  
So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed.

---

### THE CABBAGE GREEN.

Written by Mr. John Labern, and sung by Mr. J. W  
Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Furnival's Inn.

Oh, a dainty plant is the cabbage green,  
Wot grows in a garden bold—  
With a gammon of bacon, half fat and lean,  
He's good either hot or cold.  
His heart must be tender and not decayed,  
To please your dainty whim,  
And the chap as loves cabbage I'll tell the  
blade,  
It's a precious meal for him,  
Sprouting out of the ground is seen,  
A rare old plant is the cabbage green.

Fast he sprouts, for he's food for kings,  
 And a nice white heart has he;  
 How close he sticks, and how right he clings  
 To the stump, till he's quite stumpy.  
 In a waggon he's jolted along the town,  
 And his leaves no longer waves,  
 For he's packed like a *convict*, and quite done  
 brown,  
 As his way to *Common Garden* he paves.  
 Sprouting, &c.

Full wages have fled, hard work's ill paid,  
 And grub werry scarce has been,  
 But the rare o'd cabbage shall never fade,  
 From being a chap *wot's* green.  
 The hearty old plant in future days,  
 Shall fatten you up so fast,  
 For the best of *wegables* man can raise,  
 Is a cabbage, my boys, at last!  
 Sprouting, &c

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## JONATHAN JONAH GOLIAH BANG,

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

I'm gwine to sing a little song,  
 So just think yourself lucky,  
 That I have brought the news along  
 From wonderful Kentucky.  
 My father came from Tennessee,  
 My mother was no noodle—

And 'twixt 'em both they brought up me -  
A regular Yankee Doodle.

## SPOKEN.

I guess it ain't every day you see a genuine Yankee Doodle. Oh, no ! I'm Jonathan Jonah Goliah Bang. I'm one of the real *Kyan* alligator breed. I'm as strong as a steam engine, and nothing but iron right up and down. I can swim harder, dive deeper, run faster, gun surer, cut slicker, fight, gouge, and drink till the world's too old to move—I'm smashed if I can't. Oh yes ! When I was about eighty years old I wanted to go into the volunteers, but mammy said I wasn't tall enough—so what do ye think I did ? I eat so much, until I grew as round as a sugar tub, then mother put me under the mangle and rolled me out, and here I am, a regular sprouter. We Yankees don't do things like you Britishers. We are born in a hurry, we are educated at full speed, we make a fortin with the wave of the right hand, and lose it with the wave of the left—we re-make it and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a tarnal locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour—our spirit is high pressure, our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric shock. Then look at our everlasting fine institutions and customs, all slick as grease. Talk of your hours of dining, why we beat you to smash in the United States. At Washington the common folks, such as you here, get their dinner at one o'clock but the gentry and big uns dine at three. As for the

Representatives, they dine at four, and the aristocraay and the senate, they don't get their dinner till five or six. Then comes the President, and if he dines before the next day, I wish I may be teetotally darned.

Then raise the steam, and go ahead,

Toss off a sling—'tis lucky !

The gas must from the main be laid,

In praise of old Kentucky.

There's no folks in this world, of course,

Are half so strong in natur,'

For every man is half an horse,

And half an alligator.

Our inventions are so very grand,

We astonish every noodle—

For what no one else can understand,

You must ask a Yankee Dood e.

#### SPOKEN.

Understand ! I reckon we can understand anything. Do you understand a teetotaller ? I once travelled through all the State of Maine with one of them ere chaps. He was as thin as a whipping post—his skin looked like a blown bladder, after some of the air has kinder wrinkled and crumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that is living on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs—all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly—a real gander gutted looking critter, as holler as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actually looked like a *wrack* at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, lor-a-mussy on your



clients, you hungry, half starved looking critter, you. You'll eat 'em up alive, as sure as I'm born. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp. After leaving him I was pursued by a large black snake. All at once it struck me, just as the critter was going to jump at my throat, to run round a small birch tree which stood in my path, as tight as I could spring. I did that until the snake got in a snarl, when, stopping suddenly, I threw a back sommerset—the snake, in trying to follow me, tied himself up in a hard knot. That's a fact! Now a friend of mine in the States did a considerable trade in eggs. One day he drove up to a grocer's doors and asked him what he gave for eggs. 'Only seventeen cents.' was the reply—for the grocers have had a meeting, and voted to give no more. Again he came to market, and asked the grocer what he gave for eggs. 'Only twelve cents.' said the grocer—for the grocers have had another meeting, and resolved not to give any more. A third time he called, and made the same inquiry, and the grocer replied 'that the grocers had held a meeting again, and voted to give only ten cents. But have you any for sale?' continued the grocer. 'No,' says my friend—for the hens have had a meeting, too, and voted not to trouble themselves to lay eggs for ten cents a dozen.' That's independence!

Then raise the steam, &c.

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## I'M JUST COME TO ENGLAND.

A Nigger Trio, written by Mr. John Labern, and  
sung by Messrs Sharp, Glindon, and Collinetti.

Tune—Zip Coon.

*Banjo Nigger.*—I bjust come to England, all  
for to tak' a sight—

*Violin Nigger.*—I'b just cum to England, all  
for to tak' a sight.

*Castanet Nigger.*—I'b just come to England,  
all for to tak' a sight—

*All.*—And see de difference 'tween the black  
man and de white.

*B. N.*—We'll astonish all your nerves wid  
our grand try-o—

*V. N.*—We'll astound all your nerves wid  
our grand try-o—

*C. N.*—We'll astound all your nerves wid  
our grand try o--

*V. N.*—On de wiolin--

*C. N.* De castanets—

*B. N.* An' ole banjo!

## SPOKEN.

*V. N.*—After all, de wiolin is de most con-  
spectable ob all oder wind instruments to  
scrape acquaintance wid, an' de perfeckshun  
ob sweet sounds. It can play all de most im-  
probable and impos-ible music out ob de  
'Daughter ob St. Mark,' Luke, and John, and  
ason arter.

*B. N.*—Talk about music! De banjo's de  
food ob lub arter all, nigger. Dis instrument  
am warranted to reach a higher note dan de

highest one in de Bank of England, wid all de 'ditional *keys* for *Locke's* music. Allow me to 'splaine de horrigin ob de banjo. His farder was de celybrated double base, dat went so low in de fust ac' ob de operer ob 'Fried debil O,' dat he couldn't be found till de end ob de last ac'—his moder was de big drum, descended down from de kittle drum. Dey were both jined together in de full band ob holy hemlock, an' dis banjo am de offspring. Put dat in your smokes and pipe it, nigger.

C. N.—Dat's notink to de harmony ob de castynets. Dey are de boys to walk into the dimmysimplequivers—dey would actilly shake de toe nails ob all yer fingers off. Yes, dese bones are de bones f'anny Ellsler wanted to bone. It's a fact!

V. N.—Neber mind—make no bones about it. Let's rub off de old scores, and pitch one in a merry key.

B. N.—Yes—run up de scale, and cut out de slidin' business.

Tune—Going ober de mountain.

B. N.—Oh, what a place am England, sure

V. N.—To keep de people sweet and pure;

C. N.—Dey're building washusses about,

B. N.—To get de poor folks linen out!

V. N.—For a penny lend you water and tub,

B. N.—As Hamlet says, 'Yes, dere's de  
*rub.*'

Together.—O what a fuss dey make

All round about de quarter,

Cos when de poor folks ax for  
bread,

Dey gib 'em soap and water!

## SPOKEN.

B. N.—Dat's how dey sawft soap de poor debils ober. Dey might as well go for milen-tarily men as get a *towellin'* an' a good *manglin* arter.

V. N.—Dat's gettin' um in *hot water* wid a vengeance. Den I 'spose they'll hang um out to dry for de same price, an' send um to Bath for tuppence. Dat's makin' a splash in de world, an' no flies. Yah—yah!

B. N.—Yes, but him don't tink it'll wash. nigger. I feel pale in de face when I tink ob it, for fear dey might whitewash de coloured gemmen. De best ting they could do, would be to put us down a *copper* or two—yah!

Tune—Old Aunt Sally.

B. N.—I went and bought a sute ob togs de  
oder day ob Moses,  
Acos him sells de best ob cloth, an'  
neber does imposes:

V. N.—What, Moses?

C. N. Imposes?

V. N.—What, bought your tings ob Moses?

SPOKEN.

B. N.—Ess, to be sure him did—in course—  
what ob dat?

B. N.—Don't I look a tarnal swell in tog-  
gery ob Moses?

V. N. & C. N.—Golley! don't he look a guy  
in toggery ob Moses?

SPOKEN

B. N.—Him always likes to patterneyes de

biggerest shops, an' pay de biggerest price.  
De West end am too cheap for de nigger gentleman.

V. N.—Why dey fit you all ober, an' touch yer nowhere, like a watch box.

B. N.—Come, no sillywashuns. If you is a gemman, act as sich, old man. Him like um dis prespiratin' wedder. Him ordered um to be built like a patent cab—licensed to carry two. Yah—yah!

V. N.—Dare's room enuff to hold all yer prosteriors, I'm smashed.

B. N.—All my posterity, you mean—only you don't 'splain yourself.

V. N.—You won't be long runnin to seed in um, old gentleman.

B. N.—De fact is, you're only axing me to make you a present ob um when I'm done wid um. Becum yourself like a nigger, an' hope for de best.

Tune - Old Dan Tucker.

V. N.—Great Captain Warner, in a pout,  
*Blows up John Bull, 'cos he won't  
shell out.*

B. N.—Dey say it's sich a bottle ob smoke,  
Dat a great ship *split her sides* at  
de joke.

Together,—Out ob de way, den, out ob de  
way den,  
Out ob de way, you Captain  
Warner,

We must stick you in de corner.

V. N.—Dere's General Tom Thumb, it's  
werry clear,  
Has cum to bleed de white folks here

*B. N.*—Poor Shakspeer 'bliged to go to  
France,

Cos here him wouldn't learn to dance.

*Together.*—Out ob de way, den, out ob de  
way den,

Out ob de way, old Billy Shak-  
speer,

Dey'd sooner see de ladies' legs  
here.

SPOKEN.

*B. N.*—Werry sorry to see poor Shakspeer  
so hard up dis winter—bad time for ebery-  
body,—and Frenchland de only refuge for de  
destitute dat would take him in. 'Otello's  
hoccumpation's gone, an' no figs.

*V. N.*—Yes, de book muslin has booked  
him, an' de plump legs hab kicked him into  
Paris land, an it's all shibber de friz wid him.

*B. N.*—King *Louisa* berry glad to see him  
though, and made him play Hamlet, de jewel-  
ler's fader, before him. But Shakspeer made  
a sad hole in his manners in de Tird Act—  
him said——

——' De play, de play'a de ting,

Berein I catch de *dollars* from de king.'

De fac him was so hungry, him tought more ob  
de *tin* den de play, poor ting.

Tune—De boatman dance,

*V. N.*—De Poker dance is all de rage,

De Poker's poked on ebery stage.

*B. N.*—Dere's Drawing Room Pokers, not a  
few,

And I'm told dere's a kitchen poker,  
too.

*Chorus.*—So dance de Poker dance, dance de  
Poker dance.

Dey are dancing de Poker all de  
night,

And dey're at it agin in de  
mornin.'

High an' low, it's all de go,

Fust on de heel, an' den on de toe.

#### SPOKEN.

B. N.—Ebery ting is Poker now. Poker frocks, Poker bonnets, Poker boots—an' dey call pork pies Poker pies, an' de people poke um down dere throats ten times faster den eber.

V. N.—Yes, an dey've got Poker sassingers now, so people swallow um down by de yard instead ob de foot. Neber saw de like—dey are all Poker mad,

B. N.—Yes, dey want a poke ober de nob to bring um into a state of convulsessence.

So dance the Poker dance, &c.

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### THE COMIC THEATRICAL ALPHABET.

Written by Mr. Bruton, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn  
opposite Furnival's Inn.

'Tis really very singular, and as if it had been  
plann'd,

That the letters of the A'phabet for Theatres  
should stand.

A stands for Adelphi, where Yates was once  
the go,

B will do for Batty's, once the scene of great  
Ducrow.

'Tis really very singular, and as if it had  
been plann'd,

That the letters in the Alphabet for Thea-  
tres should stand.

C for Covent Garden, of the Drama now be-  
reft,

D for Drury Lane, and the only Bunn house  
left;

E for Eagle Tavern, the scene of Bravo  
Rouse,

F for the French Theatre, where Parisians  
show their nouse.

G stands for the Garrick, and a fearful way  
to roam,

H for the Haymarket, where the Drama finds  
a home,

I Italian Opera, where lots of notes are found.

J St. James's, where Braham lost notes I  
dare be bound.

K it stands for Kensington, now but known  
n history's page,

L for the Lyceum, where the Keeleys are the  
rage,

M will do for Marrow bone, with some *cleavers*  
to its side,

N for Norton Folgate, by test of Honor tried



- O stands for Olympic, very great in Vestris'  
days,  
P for the Princess's, wot acts the best of  
plays,  
Q for the Queen's Theatre, exactly does,  
that's poz—  
R for the Old Royalty, the one *wot used to*  
*was!*  
S stands for the Standard, Strand, and Surrey,  
known to fame,  
T stands for the Tottenham, which long has  
changed its name,  
U stands for the Union, in Shoreditch once  
it stood,  
V for the Victoria, all blue fire, blaze and  
blood!  
W (Double U) for the Wells will do, where  
Shakspeare makes his throne.  
X for the King's Cross, as the Clarence bet-  
ter known;  
Y for the York Theatre in Westminster, but  
it ceased is,  
Z for the Zoological, but that is for the  
*Beastes.*
- 

## THE BACHELOR'S HOUSE WARM- ING PARTY.

Written by Mr. W. H. C. West, and sung by Mr. J.  
W. Sharp.

Music sold by Hack, Fleet Street.

Tis true that a bachelor leads a snug life,  
Having all things in apple pie order—

No noisy children, no scolding wife,  
For that on destruction must border.  
If two or three gents he should ask home to  
dine—

(Like himself, in the single cause hearty)—  
They're content with a chop—a few bottles  
of wine,

And enjoy a real bachelor's party.

No puffy papas,  
Or quick sighted mammas,  
With their daughters all deck'd out so  
smarty,  
Making use of their eyes,  
To nibble a prize,  
From the crowd at a bachelor's party.

Now just such a life for a short time I led,  
Till somehow—(but how I can't tell, sir)—  
To take a large house I took in my head,  
And for it I've paid pretty well, sir.  
Of my house all declared the appointments  
complete,

But to bring it all off with eclat, sir—  
To married and single I must give a treat,  
Just a bachelor's house warming party,  
Where puffy, &c.

We'd dancing at nine—(which we kept up  
till six)—

The evening bade fair to be gay, sir—  
For the bachelors play'd off such fine mon-  
key tricks,  
And such pretty soft things had to say, sir.

'Mong old maids till that night I'd been quite  
a pet,  
But when waltzing with dear Miss Macar-  
thy,  
They could very soon see my affections were  
set,  
On the star of my bachelor's party,  
Where puffy, &c.

From that very night I may date all my  
cares —  
It really seem'd pick'd out by fate, sir,  
One poor podgy gentleman tumbled down  
stairs,  
And broke about nine dozen plates, sir.  
The clock had struck one—all the gay giddy  
pates,  
Left their dancing, their wnist, their  
ecarté,  
For a beautiful supper without any plates,  
On the night of the bachelor's party.  
Where puffy, &c.

The trifles and ices had melted away—  
The jellies were running like oil sir —  
I looked very grave, though I tried to be gay,  
For the wine tasted all on the boil, sir.  
From the heat of the room ladies fainted out-  
right—  
Among them Miss Mary Macarthy—  
When o'er her I threw the sweet sauce in  
my fright,  
On the night of my bachelor's party,

When the dance was resumed, with the  
plump Lady Pote,  
In the first set I thought I would flirt, sir—  
When I stumbled, and right up the back split  
my coat,  
And tore from the body her skirt, sir.  
The coffee at five was as cold as a stone,  
But the mother of sweet Miss Macarthy  
Said—while my hand she press'd tight in her  
own,  
She'd conduct at my very next party.  
Where puffy, &c.

With the rich Widow Green, Captain Grey  
of the Blues,  
Ran off, as I've heard, the next day, sir—  
Above twenty more I could name, did I  
choose,  
Who've acted in much the same way, sir.  
'Tis certain that night many matches were  
made,  
And as to Miss Mary Macarthy,  
Her cards her mamma had so very well  
played,  
'Twas indeed my last bachelor's party.  
For long I'd not tarried,  
Before I was married  
To the beautiful Mary Macarthy—  
And my mother in law,  
With the greatest eclat,  
Conducted my very next party.

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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE  
DOGS.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp,

Good people all of good intent, the nobs have  
made a law--

They've pass'd a act of Parliament, that  
dogs shall cease to draw,

Isn't it a shame, in times of peace to war  
against the arts--

To arm a reg'ment of police agin our dogs and  
carts.

As dogs has got capacity to draw as well as  
man,

I says it's great howdaciousness to hinder  
them wot can.

And why they mayn't is very clear, 'cos draw-  
ing's done by steam,

For half our dogs can draw Landseer, fast as  
he draws them.

Brougham says the schoolmaster is abroad—I  
'spose he's gone to Rome--

I only wish that larned lord would make him  
stop at home,

For the tree of learning arn't the pen, nor wis-  
dom arn't its fruits--

Why half the dogs knows more than men--  
some men to them are brutes.

There's Jenny Green wot sells catsmeat her  
dog's so full of nouse,

He knows by heart poor Jenny's leat, and  
stops at every house.

One day old Jenny by a wound, was laid upon  
the shelf,  
So the knowing warment went her round, and  
sarv'd the meat himself.

But now our dogs wot likes to draw our carts  
about the streets—  
They mustn't—'tis agin the law to yearn the  
grub they heats.  
Pray ain't our dogs to heat and drink, and  
arn't they to be fed?  
I looks at mi-en, and sighs to think how  
they're to yearn their bread.

For what do the nobs make all this fuss about  
our dogs and shays?  
Is is because they are afeard of us on the  
Queen's highways?  
Our warments run agin and beat, their 'osses  
what they ride—  
They're jealous, and afeard to meet, or run  
us side by side.

You've read this act, clause after clause, I've  
learnt it out and out—  
And that it's very full of flaws I arn't the  
slightest doubt.  
I says to that hobnoxious part wot says my  
dogs shan't draw,  
'My dogs shall larn to shove my cart, and  
run against the law.

Spose that won't do, then I intends a team  
of goats to drive,

For when 'dogs is out, and goats is in,' I'll  
take my Sunday's ride,  
My dogs shall live like fighting cocks, and  
fine arts shall hadvance,  
For if they must give up drawing, then,  
damme! mi-en shall learn to dance.

I used to fat my dogs on greaves—now no one  
will, I hope,  
For since this act I never shaves, nor washes  
now with soap.  
I give this bit of good advice to ev'ry dog  
what draws,  
Go steal your grub like rats and mice—don't  
starve on hips and haws.

That Time's out of joint is very plain—we're  
going down the hill—  
Should better times not come agin, I'm sure  
that worser will.  
And now they are growing wus and wus--I'll  
pawn or sell my togs,  
Turn touter to a homnibus, but what I'll keep  
my dogs.

We likes to larn—let's larn to live—don't sty e  
us up like hogs—  
Don't leave us, then, no other choice than  
going to the dogs.  
I've done my do, I've had my say, so now my  
short and long says—  
'Every dog shall have his day,' I've said, and  
so my song says.

---

## THE DOGS' EMANCIPATION.

Written by Mr. John Martin, and sung by Mr J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Bow wow wow.

Come all ye dogs, and make your bow, and  
wow, that you may hark well,  
And as I makes this grand report, why you  
may whine and bark well—  
So dogs give ears unto my tale, and list ye  
brute creation--

All men now knows that new year's day brings  
dogs' emancipation.

Bow, wow, wow!

Let all your tails wag merrily, with  
Bow, wow, wow!

The dog star shines upon us dogs, and dog  
our steps with pleasure,  
For parleyment gives us good time to parley  
at our leisure--

No more to truckle to the foes what made us  
pull and draw, too,

The coves what muzzled each dog's nose, in  
turn must hold their jaw, too.

Bow, wow, &c.

Pugnacious chaps, who used to make each  
jolly dog a carrier,  
Will quickly find that they must quake, while  
brute force is the tarrier—

No more shall they well larrup us, though we  
were duty full dogs,



The precious calves, they'll soon be cow'd,  
when they find we're fighting bull dogs  
Bow wow, &c.

With spirit let us welcome on each ministerial cratur,  
For though their mercy's rather late, we'll  
thank the legislatur—  
They saves us all from cruel lives, and werry  
wretched graves now,  
And Britons own that British dogs, they never  
shall be slaves now.  
Bow wow, &c.

New Zealand rogues, with zealous care, may  
write their lies in round hand,  
For ministers they patronize and cherish each  
Newfoundland—  
Swan River, too, that place for ducks, may,  
harbour every goose, O —  
For pointers now may settlers be, when all  
the game's let loose, O!  
Bow wow, &c.

We likes the men with tender hearts, whose  
sympathy prewailing,  
The brutal suff'rings of each brute they're al-  
ways for curtailing—  
They cares not for the factory child, nor pau-  
pers are presarving,  
They recollects us precious dogs, while their  
fellow men are starving.  
Bow wow, &c.

## ENCORE VERSES.

Well accustomed, as you know, I am to public  
speaking,

Yet dogs from Isle of Dogs must see that  
plaudits I am seeking---

So courteous be, and readily attend this merry  
timing,

If you're inclined, you soon may find I'm quick  
at doggrel rhyming.

Bow wow, &c.

We know some dogs is water dogs, that natur  
they inherit,

But think not, ye Teetotalers, they isn't dogs  
of spirit--

Though in the lap of ease they lap their water  
a little longer,

They only drinks it now, my dogs, for vant of  
summut stronger.

Bow wow, &c.

Tim Layrey now, that man of lays, may lay  
his only shilling,

That he may lay the dogs all low, and laying  
them be willing,

To be the only animal that tries to ape his  
betters,

Each dog shall see the Thames in flames when  
he's a man of letters.

Bow wow, &c.

The cats may mew, as they pursue their way  
along the tiles, now,

And rub and scratch their missusses—the  
charming rum old files, now.

No more we'll tear and worry them—the  
 truth we're now rewealing,  
 We recollects we suffered once—we've got a  
 feller feeling. Bow wow, &c.

But now I thinks I will sit down, **with** this  
 here observation—  
 Was man as faithful as his dog, 'twould be  
 no degradation—  
 And those as isn't social dogs, finds nought  
 but botheration,  
 For social dogs are jolly dogs, and patterns  
 to the nation. Bow wow, &c.

#### ADDITIONAL ENCORE VERSES.

The hour of freedom's come at last—an hour  
 we all should hail, sirs—  
 Be we poodle, pug, or terrier, or bob, or trun-  
 dle tail, sirs—  
 An hour that makes the proverb plain, what-  
 ever folks may say, sirs,  
 That though his fate may long be bad, still  
 ev'ry dog's his day, sir.  
 Bow wow, &c

No longer druv to tea gardens, in phaeton,  
 chaise, or carriage,  
 We draw six babes, the produce of some werry  
 fruitful marriage—  
 Not from the last—oh, happy day!--of thir-  
 ty nine's December,  
 Shall any cat be serv'd with meat by any ca-  
 nine member. Bow wow, &c.

Come, prick your ears, ye happy curs, and  
 raise your grateful voices,  
 To them as makes our noble laws, them of  
 the people's choice is--  
 Still shake each all delighted tails, and glow  
 each noble heart, men,  
 For them as now would drive dog carts, must  
 be their own dog cart men.  
 Bow wow, &c.

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### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LEC- TURES.

Compiled by Mr. Beuler from 'Punch,' and sung by  
 Mr. J. W. Sharp Fifty Nights at Vauxhall Gardens.

Tune—The good old days of Adam and Eve.

bob Caudle's wife would never dawdle—  
 Was fond of home, her babes, and Caudle,  
 But if he did aught to affect her,  
 She thus began a curtain lecture :  
 'Fine goings on ! You forget your head,  
 love —  
 I 'spose you'll want your breakfast a-bed,  
 love ?  
 And mutton broth, to cure your aching ?  
 And then you're soda water taking !  
 I'm sure I'm almost broken-hearted—  
 Caudle, it is time we parted !

SPOKEN.

Going and lending your five pound notes,  
 when the dear girls want new bonnets—and  
 Mary Ann wants three teeth taken out—three

teeth that disfigure the sweetest mouth that Natur' ever made. It's all owing to that Prettyman. A pretty man he is—to bring his pot companions home at two o'clock, when his wife's asleep, and taking the keys out of her pocket, to treat his brother Skylarks till six o'clock in the morning. And *you* have joined the Skylarks—and *you* must bring them home, to eat up that beautiful leg of pork—enough to serve all the family for a week! I can't keep house on the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a lot of Skylarks here to clear the cupboard. And they couldn't eat that nice leg of pork without pickles—and warn't content with my cabbage, but must send out for walnuts—and brandy, too! But I served them nicely—I only gave them British—the very cheapest British—they'll be fine and ill to-morrow. (*Chuckling.*) 'You're sorry for it?' What business had you to lend the best umbrella? That will make the third umbrella we have lost since Christmas 'It isn't lost?' It's as good as lost—nobody ever returns umbrellas, and when I go to dear mother's the day after to-morrow I shall get wet through, 'I needn't go if it rains?' But I need, and I will, too—and I won't have a cab, and my new gown will be quite spoilt and the children will have a rare soaking going to school—and fine colds they'll get and a rare doctor's bill you will have to pay, that is one comfort. I am sure it is the sixth umbrella we have lost since last Christmas. Mind, there is nothing but cold mutton for dinner to-morrow, so don't bring any of your Skylarks with you then.

Can't I make a pudding?' No, I can't—making puddings after puddings, indeed—besides, it is washing day. 'Why not put the washing out?' Mrs. Prettyman says it is quite as cheap.' Mrs. P. had better mind her own business. What is my affairs to her? I can't go out of the house without being insulted. You are nodding to every woman you meet.

You only nodded to Miss Prettyman? Forward minx! But I see how it is—a whole light breaks in upon me—she is the grand attraction—and——

I'm sure I'm almost broken-hearted—  
Caudle, it is time we parted.

So, Caudle, you've been made a Mason?  
I certainly think you've lost your reason.  
It's an excellent thing, you say—I doubt it—  
But, Caudle, tell me all about it.  
What is the secret? is it a joke? or  
Do they use a red-hot poker?  
You're not asleep—you only feign, love.  
You sigh! I hope you're not in pain, love?  
Well, if you will not tell your lawful  
Loving wife, it must be awful.

SPOKEN.

(*Caudle, tipsy.*) 'Where's my watch?' Don't bother about your watch. The idea of your being made a Mason at your time of life—and dressing yourself up in an apron, like a turnpike man—for that is what you look like. And I suppose they call you Brother Caudle? And you brother them? As if you hadn't brothers enough at home! And you seem to

enjoy yourselves finely—with your supper and dinner lodges, your Grand lodges and Greenwich lodges! Going there in fair time, too, among all sorts of people. A very pretty respectable man! A fine father of a family! A very genteel Mason! Racing up and down the hill with nobody knows who. Don't tell me—I know what you are when you're out! You don't suppose I've forgot the pink bonnet, do you? Shame! a man of your time of life! I won't hold my tongue. And never to bring a single gingerbread nut for me and the children. Don't tell me of your pocket being picked of a pound of prime spice ones! Spicey company you must have been in, to have your pocket picked! 'Where's my watch?' Find it out! Perhaps they've taken that? and I wonder if any of your brother Masons or Skylarks will give you another? Catch 'em doing it. Made a brother Mason, indeed! I've no patience! What would you say if I were made a sister? I know very well the house wouldn't hold you. 'Where's my watch?' You may well ask. If I hadn't taken your cheque book, another ten pounds would have been given away. 'What business had I to take it?' To save you from ruin, Caudle. I know what these public dinners are—they call 'em charities—pretty charities! 'Job Caudle, Esquire, ten pounds'—it reads all very fine. 'I can't think where my watch is?' Don't be fumbling under the pillow—I've told you fifty times where it is. Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave! A pretty hat you've come home in! You go out with a beaver worth three

and twenty shillings, and come home in a gossamer that I couldn't get exchanged for even a pot of primroses.

I'm sure I'm almost broken-hearted -  
Caudle, it is time we parted !

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## SECOND PART.

Your conduct, Caudle's quite bewilderin'—  
I'm really 'shamed to see the children  
In such old clothes—they must have new  
    'un's,  
The Browns and Briggs are as spruce as  
    'pruans.'  
On our wedding day they shan't look shabby,  
Besides, you know, there's christening the  
    babby.  
I s'pose the P's must be invited,  
But not Miss P, — I won't be slighted !  
If I'm to have my feelinge thwarted,  
Caudle, it's time then we were parted !

### SPOKEN.

And I won't have Prettyman stand godfather  
neither. If you won't have Wagstaff, Snig-  
gins, or Goldimer, or some one of service to  
the child, I'd rather the darling weren't chris-  
tened at all. What a cold you have, Caudle !  
I'm quite concerned about you. Dear mother  
shall make you something for it to-morrow.  
Warn't the dear old soul happy to-night ? She  
stewed the oysters—how you seemed to enjoy  
them ! Do you recollect her marrow puddings ?  
'No.' Fie, Caudle, fie—how often have you



ding her marrow puddings in my face, wondering why I couldn't make 'em—a thing I wouldn't pretend to do, after dear mother. Then what nice dogs in a blanket she makes for the children! 'What's dogs in a blanket?' Oh, they're delicious! You know I wish, Caudle, you'd let dear mother come and live with us. 'You wouldn't have her at any price?' No, no—you'd sooner have Miss Prettyman—I see. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, stopping out the hours you do—keeping one sitting up. 'I needn't sit up, and you'll have a key?' Not while I'm alive, Caudle—I'm not going to bed with the door on the latch. 'You'll have a Chubb's lock?' Will you? I'll have no Chubbs here, I can tell you. 'Oh, you'll have one put on to-morrow?' Well, try it, that's all—I say, try it. I won't let you put me in a passion—but all I can say is, try it, Caudle, try it. Bringing your Masons and Skylarks here! I couldn't leave home for one night, to visit dear mother but the whole house must be turned topsy turvey. You must have been going it finely! There's a rare regiment of empty bottles and full a hundred half lemons in the kitchen, and nearly a whole loaf of sugar gone. And since you come to that, I should like to know who knocked the head off my China figure? Prettyman. with the poker, I suppose? And who chalked the whiskers on dear mother's picture? Fine things to laugh at! There's above a dozen glasses cracked—the bell pull is all to pieces, and a leg of a chair off, and—

I am almost broken-hearted!

Caudie, it is time we parted!

So this has been what you call keeping  
Our wedding-day—a day of weeping  
It's been to me, and merely semblance  
Of keeping joy in some remembrance  
[shan't forget that creature coming  
Her fine piano forte strumming;  
And singing, as if none could match her—  
I felt almost inclined to scratch her!  
It made me really broken-hearted—  
Caudle, it is time we parted!

## SPOKEN.

Don't tell me you didn't invite Miss Prettyman—that her brother brought her! Of course he did—a planned thing! She came to see how she'd like the rooms—how she'd like my place—how she—it's enough to break a mother's heart—how she'd like my dear children! It quite spoilt my dinner. The only part of the turkey I fancied was the merrythought, and that, of course, was given to Miss P. And it was 'Do me the pleasure of taking wine with me, Miss P.' and Miss P. this, and Miss P. that, all the dinner time. Then how she turned up her nose at my custards—though, goodness knows, it turns up enough naturally. 'But she praised my pudding?' And who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think. Then the idea of her singing 'I love somebody'—of course we easily understood whom she meant by that somebody. I declare I begin to hate the very name of Prettyman! Weren't you running all over the town all yesterday to be bail and bound for him? You'll have all his debts to

pay—he'll run away, and you'll be sent to Newgate instead. A pretty thing for a respectable man, and a father of a family, to be sent to the treadmill for a brother Skylark? 'It wasn't Prettyman? and it wasn't a Skylark?' Then who were you bail for? Who was it? Tell me that! 'My brother Tom?' What, my own brother Tom? Oh, Caudle—dear Caudle!

My love, indeed you are kind-hearted—  
I hope we never shall be parted!

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### CUPID'S COOKERY BOOK.

Written by W. T. Moncrieff, Esq. and sung by  
Mr. W. J. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Furnival's Inn.

All you who love feasts at which Hymen is  
cook,

A receipt take from Cupid's own Cookery  
Book.

If a match you would make, you will find this  
the plan—

Catch a young gent. and lady as fresh as  
you can.

Let the young gent. be raw and soft--though  
the male gender--

And take care the young lady is equally ten-  
der.

To dinner the gentleman sit down to table.

And pour as much wine in as ever you're  
able:

And while he is soaking, attend, pray, to  
this--  
Every now and then pop in a word about  
Miss,  
But do it with care, or the match you will  
spoil,  
And you'll find he'll be very soon ready to  
boil.  
The moment your gent in the gills becomes  
red,  
See, poor fellow ! he's into the drawing-room  
led,  
Sit him down by the lady, though shy she  
may be,  
And sop them both equally well with green  
tea.  
Lead them to the piano—the handiest of  
things--  
And blow up the flame till the young lady  
sings,  
But the first sigh you hear the young gentle-  
man puff,  
Take them off, for they then will be both  
warm enough.  
Put them then by themselves—they'll not  
think you presume--  
In the most retired corner there is in the  
room--  
Or else, on a sofa, tête-a-tête the pair leave,  
And then let them simmer the rest of the  
eve.  
Two or three times successive this plan must  
be tried,

Taking care that the parties are placed side  
by side,  
And you'll find this a trneth, deny it you  
can't,  
They'll be ready for marriage whenever you  
want.  
After marriage more care you must take  
than before,  
As 'tis known they are very soon apt to turn  
sour.  
The honeymoon o'er, and departed the rest,  
Hewe'er well and tasty they both may be  
drest,  
Attend to these hints, and a match you may  
make,  
Whenever to make one the pains you may  
take,  
A receipt, for which vain you'll in Mrs.  
Glass look,  
For 'tis copied from Cupid's own Cookery  
Book.

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## GOING OUT TO MARKET.

Written by Mr. M. Hall, and sung by Mr. J. W.  
Sharp,

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Farnival's Inn.

Once I was never satisfied wlt h how the cash  
was laid out,  
I thought for once that I would provide, and  
see how it was paid out--

The money went so precious fast, it almost  
drove me raving,  
And I says to my wife, 'Julia, my dear, let's  
both try to be saving.'  
My wife did chaff, the boys did laugh,  
'The neighbours all did lark it—  
When with this basket on my arm,  
I toddled out to market.

I scarcely had got down the street, when up  
came neighbour Kenny,  
Says he, 'It is your turn to treat—come spend  
your market penny.  
Away ye toddles to 'The Clown,' for drink I  
felt a craving,  
And at skittles I lost near half a crown—oh,  
wasn't that a saving ?  
My wife, &c.

Now when they found the beer and ale had  
got into my noddle,  
They pinn'd a dish-cloth to my tail, and call'd  
me Molly Coddle,  
And as along the street I tried to pass, I was  
tripp'd up on the paving,  
I fell bang through two panes of glass—now  
there was a precious saving !  
My wife, &c.

I then went to the butter shop, to buy a pound  
of bacon,  
In hope misfortune there would end, but I  
found myself mistaken—

Their dog flew out and bit my legs, I found  
my senses raving,  
Then backwards I fell in a box of eggs—oh,  
dear, thinks I, here's a saving!  
My wife, &c.

The butcher next, a sly old rogue, must have  
a heart quite stony,  
To sell me that for tender meat, which he  
know'd was tough and boney—  
And worse than that, me being strange to all  
their tricks and knaving,  
He forgot to give me back my change—oh,  
lord! thinks I, here's a saving!  
My wife, &c.

The grocer's shop I next went to, and there  
another shock met,  
A man came in and collar'd me, and said I'd  
pick'd his pocket.  
The police came in the cause to learn, and  
quick my hat did stave in,  
While some thief stole the whole concern—  
oh, wasn't that a saving!  
My wife, &c.

They took me to the station house, and next  
day being Sunday,  
They never let me change my clothes till  
twelve o'clock on Monday.  
So married men, through all your lives you  
will find it quite depraving,  
To take those matters from your wives—you  
will lose instead of saving.

For your wives will chaff, and the boys will  
    laugh,  
The neighbours all will lark it,  
If with a basket on your arm,  
You toddle out to market.

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### SAM SAVEALL, THE EVERYTHING.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Ally Croaker.

Sam Saveall was a clever chap—one never  
    beat by any,  
For spending of a pound or two, in saving of  
    a penny,  
For he was his own everything, to hoard his  
    money craving,  
And you shall hear a true account of what he  
    lost by saving.  
Oh, what a Sammy—what a saving Sammy!  
For spending of a pound or two, in saving  
    of a penny!

He broke a fine brass fender, by being his  
    own brazier,  
He tumbled through a skylight, by being his  
    own glazier—  
He sunk a barge of Wall's end coals, by being  
    his own lighterman—  
He spoilt a suit of bran new clothes by being  
    his own night-a-man.

Oh, what, &c.



He bought a roll of super cloth to make himself cheap patches—

He set his house on fire by making his own matches,

He was his own distiller, to make himself cheap liquor,

And was fined five thousand pounds in the Court of Exchequer.

Oh, what, &c.

He lost a handsome legacy by being his own proctor—

He kill'd his wife and darling child by being his own doctor.

He kill'd an ox, was toss'd and gored, by being his own slaughterman—

He drown'd his second wife, just wed, by being his own waterman.

Oh, what, &c.

He lost three nets, and caught no fish, by being his own fisherman—

He saved a guinea substitute, and serv'd five years militia man.

He built a house—was architect, bricklayer, and brickmaker—

The house fell down and buried him, and so was his own undertaker!

Oh, what a Sammy—what a saving Sammy!

For spending of a pound or two, in saving of a penny.

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THE DRAMATIC ALPHABET.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Dicky birds.

Is there's any fond of learning, I'd be happy  
them to teach.

For Mr. Shakspeare's fame they very soon  
should reach.

I'll tell you what I did last night—that is, if you'll permit—

I sat down, being idle, and wrote this Alphabet.

So all you who would be wise, come listen  
to me.

I've turn'd Dramatic Author, and I've  
wrote this A. B. C.

A stands for Anderson, who can fight as well as sing.

B for Barnes (late Pantaloon) but poverty's  
no sin-

C for steady Cooper, though he cannot mend  
a pail—

D for dear Miss Daly, whom the people  
nightly hail. So all, &c.

E stands for Elton—who was first-rate in his line.

F for Helen Faucit, whose acting is divine--

G for old Grimaldi, whose Clown was once  
a treat —

H stands for Honey, and honey must be sweet.  
So all, &c.

I stands for Incledon—once a singer of re-  
nown—

J for Jefferini, the celebrated Clown--

K for Charles Kean, whom the people praise  
too high--

L for little Leach, whom Yates turn'd into a  
fly. So all, &c.

M for Miss Martin--a famous Surrey bird--

N for Mrs. Nisbett, a sweet actress, on my  
word--

O stands for Oxberry, though little, yet he's  
good—

P for the late Miss Paton, who cut her stick  
with Wood. So all, &c.

Q stands for Quick, who once was all the go,

R for Nigger Rice, a good one in Jim Crow—

S for Mrs. Stirling—as sterling, too, as many,

T for late Miss Ellen Tree, as good a branch  
as any. So all, &c.

U stands for Usher, who stands upon his head,

V for Madame Vestris, who kick'd Charley  
out of bed.

W stands for Wild, who the people much  
amuse,

X only stands for Xmas, so X you must ex-  
~use. So all, &c.

Y stands for Young, who was first-rate on the  
stage—

Z for Van Amburgh's zebras, the wonders of  
the age.

But the British stage will surely fall, if the  
Queen don't patronize,  
And she only fancies foreigners, who're flock-  
ing here like flies.  
So let's hope the Queen will look to this,  
for 'tis the nation's cause,  
And now I've sung my A. B. C. grant me  
your kind applause.

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### ANALIZATION.

Written by W. T. Moncrieff, Esq. and sung by Mr. J.  
W. Sharp.

What are mortals made of?  
By analization  
I've tried all the nation,  
Defined each gradation,  
And prov'd every station,  
With sir Humphrey's best  
New chemical test,  
And found what mortals are made of.

What are little girls made of?  
A bib and a tucker,  
And cheeks in a pucker,  
Caps, corals, and beads,  
And samplers and dolls,  
Cakes, and candle, sugar and spice,  
Mamma's darling and all that is nice,  
And such are our little girls made of!

What are our little boys made of?  
Of long tasks saying,

And truant playing,  
Pulling and hauling,  
And teasing and bawling,  
Bats and balls, and whips and tops,  
Dogs ear'd books and dirty chops,  
And such are are little boys made of!

What are our young wives made of?  
Of honey-moon,  
And storm very soon,  
Dears and loves,  
And turtle doves,  
Kisses and blisses, and all that's good,  
That is, if they're rightly understood,  
And such are our young wives made of!

What are old bachelors made of?  
Of bread and cheese,  
And very weak knees,  
Drivelling nose,  
And rheumatic toes,  
Funded riches and landed estate,  
Worn out smalls and a very bald pate,  
And such are old bachelors made of!

What are our Pawnbrokers made of?  
Of money lent,  
At twenty per Cent.  
Apparel and plate,  
And a duplicate,  
Three nice golden balls hanging out,  
A little back door and a very large spout,  
And such are our pawnbrokers made of!

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## MY MASTER'S GUN !

Written by Mr. Hall, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—My daughter Fan.

I'm a 'prentice boy, my name is Bob—

The tale I've oft related—

They bound me to a dirty snob,

A trade I always hated.

The lapstone I did daily shun,

The sight of a stirrup alarm'd me—

So off I ran with my master's gun,

To enlist in the Spanish army.

With my master's gun,

I fought my way to glory.

Some balls of wax, with hemp and tacks,

I thought might be requir'd,

To give our foes some precious whacks,

When all the shots were fir'd.

In battle I did mock their tricks,

And when they thought of beating,

I fir'd my wax against their backs,

And sent them all retreating.

With my, &c

Then off they run, like hounds in packs,

But quick did we entail them—

Instead of wax I fir'd my tacks,

Till all of a bunch I nail'd them.

Then I took out my hemp so fine,

That was in my knapsack hoarded ;

Among their troops I did it entwine,

Which now you will find recorded.

With my, &c.

General Evans come up to me—

Said he, 'Bob, show no quarter—

You're a valiant youth, I plainly see,

And you shall marry my daughter.'

Said I, 'The fight will soon be done'—

Their ramparts then I dash'd on,

And with this gun the battle won,

At the siege of St. Sebastian!

With my, &c.

At legs and arms I fir'd away,

And some of their nobs I twisted--

Thinks I, I'll make 'em rue the day,

That a 'prentice boy enlisted.

And soon I brought their co'ours down,

Which caused a great attraction,

And did my head with glory crown—

What a glorious satisfaction!

With my, &c

You'll hear of my fame where'er you walk

In songs and magazines, too—

And shall for ever be the talk,

Of soldiers and marines, too.

I'll say, before I make my bow,

Though perhaps you may laugh hearty,

I'm call'd by all the Spaniards now,

The British Bonaparty.

With my master's gun,

I fought my way to glory!



## THE STAGE-STRUCK BARBER !

OR, THE COURT OF APOLLO.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

To the Muses Dramatic I'm akin,  
 For my shop is their own panorama,  
 And with song I inspire ev'ry customer's  
     chin,  
 As I drop him the scraps of the Drama.  
 All my soap I perfume from Parnassus's  
     mount,  
 With such sweets as my customers swal-  
     low —  
 And my brush, too, I dip in Castalia's fount,  
 While I shave in the Court of Apollo.

SPOKEN.

'Up, cousin, up! your head is up, I know  
 --Shakspeare. 'Oh by the powers, now,  
 'twas up to my mouth all the time. But wht  
 have I got to pay?' 'Three thousand dncats!'  
 'Shiver my timbers—you are mad, or three  
 sheets in the wind.' 'I am mad N.N.W. but  
 when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk  
 from a handsaw.' 'Yes, friend—but I cannot  
 tell thy razor from a handsaw, for it sorely  
 moveth the flesh.' 'Avaunt—thy blood is  
 cold!' 'Ah, vell it may be. I wish I may  
 vonce get out of this slaughterhouse.' 'Slaugh-  
 terhouse! Off with his head! Why this is  
 the

Temple o' the Muses—walk in who chooses,  
 And all take your turns as they follow—  
 There are no excuses for him who refuses  
     shave in the Court of Apollo.



Both the buskin and sock 'tis my int'rest to  
please,

And to dress in the first of the fashion—  
Should a cut from the razor, or old Shak-  
speare tease,

Why I tip 'em an 'Ode on the Passions.'  
Thus is teasing made easy, and smoothly  
goes down,

With the oil of dramatic quotation—  
And, an actor of all work, cut out for the  
town,

I thus live by the town's approbation.

SPOKEN.

There! 'Your chin new reaped, shows like  
stubble land at harvest home'—Shakspeare,  
'Oh, dam Shakspeare.' 'Had I three ears I'd  
hear thee.' I am sure you must have de tree  
ears, for you have got one of mine, 'Give  
every man thine ear but few thy voice.  
'Shake not thy gory locks at me!' Here's  
some pomatum will make 'each particular  
hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful  
porcupine!' 'Blesh ma shoul! I must surely  
have got into Bedlam.' Bed'am! 'Oh, Jeph-  
tha, judge of Israel!' why this is the

Temple of the Muses, &c.

Thus I try how to rival the Roscius at home  
And each actor claim as a crony--

Just as characters come within swing of my  
comb,

I fill up my Dramatis Personæ.

When I have a thin house from the 'Tragi-  
cal Maid,'

A visage I draw full of sorrow—

When the whole is a farce for my benefit  
play'd,

A soft smile from Thalia I borrow.

SPOKEN

Yes, 'I can smile, and murder while I smile!' 'The devil you can? then pray let me go.' 'Nay, sit, good cousin Hotspur. Art thou not ashamed to look upon this beard?' 'Pon honour, I've sat here so long, that I shall soon go to sleep.' 'To sleep—perchance to dream. Aye, there's the rub!' 'I'd thank you not to rub so much of your damned soap down my throat.' 'Then open thy pondrous jaws, and cast it up again.' 'Ponderous jaws! Where's the glass?' 'Shine out, fair sun, till I can buy a glass.' 'Well, dong me, if I did not think for sartin I wur in a barber's shop.' 'Shop! Oh, hateful error—melancholy's child! There is no speculation in those eyes that thou dost glare with'—for this is the  
Temple of the Muses, &c.

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## A CROP OF CONUNDRUMS.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Furnival's Inn.

Conundrums now are all the go,

In ev'ry town and city—

And them wot plan, and them wot guess,

I reckon must be witty,

My Cousin, Billy Black, to beat me

Tried his best endeavour,

So, if you please, I'll ask a few--  
 You'll say they're wondrous clever.  
 What they are I will not tell--  
 When heard, you'll all confess it--  
 But before I ask you one, I know  
 Not one of you can guess it.

## SPOKEN.

Now here's one. Why is the influenza like the House of Commons on the night of a division?—Because sometimes the *eyes* have it, and sometimes the *nose*. D'ye see that, eh? If a tree is felled, why has it no right to complain?—Because it was *axed* whether it would or not. Here's another. What is the most difficult operation a doctor can perform?—To take the *jaw* out of a woman.

Well, come, as they have not been guessed,  
 And as they seem to please ye,  
 The very next that I shall give,  
 It shall be something easy.  
 Toe Miller's jests are very good,  
 Yet still I think them humdrum--  
 In fact, they're nothing more than stuff,  
 Compared to my Conundrums.

## SPOKEN.

Here's another—in the locomotive department. Why should we suppose a railway stoker understood punctuation? Give it up, eh? Because he never puts a *coal on* (Colon) when he intends making a *full stop*. Why may carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never *saw* it. What

is the most indigestible supper a man can eat ?  
 —To *bolt* his bed room door the last thing at  
 night. Why is a whirlpool like a jackass ?  
 —Because it's *an eddy*.

The very next that I shall give,  
 I hope will make you laugh, sirs—  
 The man that guesses this,  
 Can't be called a silly calf, sirs.  
 Now, mind, it's very good indeed—  
 Great judges oft have praised it,  
 And when I want to cause a laugh,  
 Why this has always raised it.

## SPOKEN.

Which is the best way to procure *cheap*  
 beer?—Buy it *thick*, and let it *settle for itself*.  
 Here's another! What vegetable does a lady's  
 tongue resemble?—A *scarlet runner*. Why  
 should we suppose Boz to be a better writer  
 than Shakspeare?—Because Shakspeare wrote  
*well*, but Boz wrote *Weller*. Why is your nose  
 in the middle of your face? Give it up? Be-  
 cause it's the *scenter* (centre). Why is a boy  
 learning to ride like a railway engine? Be-  
 cause he's got a *tender behind*.

Some folks may call this all stuff—  
 I call it useful knowledge :  
 In fact, you may learn more from me,  
 Than if you went to college.  
 Since I first took to writing these,  
 I ne'er knew one to fail, sirs—  
 But you can't guess me this here one  
 I'll bet a glass of ale, sirs.

## SPOKEN.

Why is an Irish row like a railway engine?  
—Because it's a *low commotion*. Why is the statue of Neptune, at Vauxhall, like a man looking for the philosopher's stone?—Because he's a *sea king* (seeking) wot never was. Why is Vauxhall like a butcher's shop?—Because they hang out *lights*. What is the difference between a diseased potatoe and a beehive? There is no difference—for one is a *be-holder*, the other a *spec-tater*. Why are teeth like verbs?—Because they're *regular*, *irregular*, and *defective*.

But now I shall conclude my song,  
Or you'll think me a bore, sirs,  
But if these are approved of,  
Some night I'll ask some more, sirs,  
That's if your approbation's gain'd,  
'Twill my success be sealing—  
Yet, stay—I'll ask you one or two,  
Ere from this place I'm stealing.

## SPOKEN.

Why is a lover like a knocker?—Because he bound to a *door* (adore). What is the difference between a good oyster and a bad one?—Why one's a *native*, and the other's a *settler*. Why are Cachmere shawls like persons totally deaf?—Because you cannot make them *hear* (here). Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators of the globe?—Because they are continually *crossing the line*, and running from *pole to pole*. Why did Adam bite the apple Eve presented him?—Acos he had no knife.

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## HAMILTON TIGHE

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Furnival's Inn.

The captain is pacing the quarter deck,  
With troubled mind and bended neck—  
One eye is down the hatchway cast,  
The other turn'd up to the truck of the mast.  
Again the captain that letter has read,  
Which the bumboat woman has brought from  
Spithead.

Since the good ship has sailed away,  
He reads that letter three times a day—  
The seal was as broad, and as black, and as  
flat,

As his own cockade, on his own cock'd hat—  
And he cried, as he pac'd the deck to and fro,  
'Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!  
No peace shall I get, either early or late,  
Unless on her pet child I fix the estate—  
Her step son is doom'd, and so we must try  
To knock off the head of young Hamilton  
Tighe.'

He suddenly paus'd at the topman's hail—  
'On the larboard quarter, a sail—a sail!'  
The grim old captain he turned him round  
quick,  
And bawled through his trumpet for hairy  
fac'd Dick.

The breeze is blowing—away, away!  
The breeze is blowing—huzza, huzza!

The breeze is blowing—a race—a race—  
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase,  
On the foeman's deck, where a man should  
    be,  
With a sword in his hand, and a foe at his  
    knee—  
Boatswain and captain and reefer may try,  
But the first man on board will be Hamilton  
    Tighe.  
The brawney boarders will mount by the  
    chains,  
Be over their buckles in bodies and brains,  
Blood will flow, bullets will fly,  
Where will then be young Hamilton Tighe?

Hairy fac'd Dick has a swarthy hue,  
Between a gingerbread nut and a blue;  
His long pig tail is bushy and thick,  
Like a pump handle stuck on the end of a  
    stick.

Hairy fac'd Dick understands his trade,  
He stands on the breech of a long cannonade,  
The linstock he holds in his brawney hand,  
Waiting the grim-looking skipper's command.  
The bullets are flying—away, away!  
The bullets are flying—huzza, huzza!  
On the foeman's deck stands Hamilton  
    Tighe,  
Bravely waving his cutlass high.  
Hairy fac'd Dick, with linstock in hand,  
Is waiting the grim-looking skippers com-  
    mand,

Hairy fac'd Dick at last lets fly,  
And blows off the head of young Hamilton  
Tighe.

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,  
Pages and handmaids come at her call,  
Haste ye handmaids, ha-te and see,  
How he sits and lowers with his head on his  
knee.

The maidens smile, her thought to destroy—  
They bring her a pale and a mealy fac'd boy,  
The mealy fac'd boy says, mother, dear,  
Now Hamilton's dead I've a thousand a year.  
The lady gets into her coach alone,  
They hear her sigh, and hear her groan—  
They close the door, and turn the pin,  
There's one rides with her that never got in.  
All the way there, and all the way back,  
The reins they strain, the coach springs  
crack,  
The horses snort, they plunge and kick,  
And the coachman thinks he's driving Old  
Nick.

There's an old yellow admiral living at Bath,  
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath—  
His very queer eyes has very queer leers,  
They seem to be trying to peep out at his  
ears.

The old yellow admiral goes to the rooms,  
He plays long whist, he frets and fumes,  
All his cards turn upside down,  
And the knave of trumps does nothing but  
frown,



And the kings and the aces and all the best  
trumps,

Got into the hands of the other old frumps—  
And close to his partner a man there he sees,  
Counting his tricks with his head on his  
knees.

The old yellow admiral talks to the air,  
His eyes are fix'd on a vacant chair,  
And the old folks around him whisper with  
dread—

He talks to a man with never a head.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine  
store,

A large black doll hangs over the door—  
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,  
Dirty vials and musty rags.

And a lusty old woman who calls herself  
Nan,

And her husband's a crusty and hairy fac'd  
man—

The hairy fac'd man is sallow and wan,  
And his long pig tail is wither'd and gone,  
He cries, take away that lubberly chap,  
That's sitting there with his head on his  
lap.

And the neighbours all say, as they see him  
look sick,

What a rum chap is hairy fac'd Dick.

The admiral, lady, and hairy fac'd man,  
May say what they please, may do what they  
can—

Wherever they live, whenever they die  
They'll never get rid of young Hamilton  
Tighe.

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### BILLY NUTTS, THE POET.

Written by John Martin, Esq. and sung by Mr. J  
W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Furnival's Inn.

I'm Billy Nutts, wot always cuts  
A swell throughout the town, sir ;  
With clever men my learned pen  
In grammar gains renown, sir.  
My clever verse I does rehearse,  
In seng, and catch, and ditty,  
And with each line in dying speech,  
I does excite their pity.

#### CHORUS.

So all agree to welcome me,  
With songs, with fifes, with viols,  
Because my name stands first with fame--  
I'm the bard of Seven Dials !

My learned brains a fortin gains—  
A fact I'm never slighting—  
For I can write on politics,  
And people's wrongs be righting.  
I can prate about the State,  
Such subjects ne'er was writ on—  
And oft I'm seen, all with the Queen,  
A dining like a Briton.

## SPOKEN.

But talking about dining, 'tis not often us poets gets a dinner, but when we does—ah, there's the rub! What is there so delightful, so magnificent, so scrumptious as a sheep's head, alias—a mountain-pecker, or a Jemmy? But talking of a Jemmy—I've got a few lines on a sheep's head—I'll recite them to you.—“Lines on a *Sheep's Head*, after the style of Pope—improved by *Lamb*.”

‘Sheep's head, how hard thy *tail* to tell is!  
How often have you filled the bellies  
Of Marys, Sukeys, Janes, and Nellys?  
Thy primest part each one knows well, is  
The fat eye, from which luscious jellies  
Flows. And then how sweet thy smell is!  
The eager butcher tries to sell his  
Sanguinary Jemmies! NUTTS.’  
So all agree, &c.

The verse I write fills with delight  
The grave, the wise, and stupid,  
And as I wend, a regular friend  
To me is Master Cupid,  
Each buzzum swells at tales I tells—  
I'm versed in human natur—  
Of flowery ware, in verses rare,  
I stands a common *tatur*.

## SPOKEN.

Yes, I'm unfortunately a *common tatur*—in fact, I may say, a *diseased tatur*. I've got a few lines on a *tatur*. I'll recite them, “Lines on a *Tatur*, after the manner of Shakspeare—improved by *Murphy*”



Some like you *biled*, and some admire  
 You done in front of a blazing fire,  
 I like you best done on a grid—  
 I always did, from a little kid.

Alas, poor bloater !

NUTTS.

So all agree, &c.

Although my wit is ' attic wit,'  
 For attics well I loves 'em,  
 Great men who snore in a first floor,  
 Must own that I'm above 'em.  
 The pence amounts, while I recounts  
 What I, a clever tar, made—  
 Of murders done, and battles won,  
 And ' Lines upon a Barmaid.'

SPOKEN,

Talking of a barmaid, I knew a barmaid  
 once. Oh, she was a gal! She was a screamer!  
 I've got a few lines I composed on her. I'll  
 recite them to you. "Lines on a Barmaid,  
 after the style of Byron. The Music by Han-  
 del."

' Oh, you scrumtious little dear,  
 When I sees you draw the beer  
 Out of the engine, it is clear,  
 You at me casts a wicked leer—  
 Oh, crikey! don't I then feel queer,  
 With a tingling in each ear—

Sich ringins!

But when your hand stretched out I sees,  
 To take the money with such ease,  
 The opportunity I seize  
 To give your little hand a squeeze—

And then together works my knees—  
 With you I'd live on bread and cheese,  
 And inguns!

NUTTS.

But talking of that barmaid, what with thinking of her, and the annoyance of the cursed tormentors, I could not get a wink of sleep. But talking of tormentors—I've got a few lines on tormentors—I'll recite them to you. "Lines on Tormentors, after the style of Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Joe Buggins."

' On summer nights—such nights as these—  
 We're troubled very much with fleas.  
 They nip so hard—they do so teaze,  
 We cannot get a moment's ease—

Sometimes, by gosh, they're racing  
 But when the nights is werry hot,  
 The bugs they walk out like a shot,  
 And with a toasting-fork you've got,  
 You wake, and catch a tidy lot,  
 And, with rage, you fling 'em in the—

Washhand basing'! NUTTS.

So all agree, &c.

## DON'T BE TOO PARTICULAR.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp,

Music sold by D'Almaine and Co. Soho Square.

Don't be too particular when you come to  
 woo—

Lay aside your spectacles, worthy bachelors,  
 do—

Wives when kind and dutiful, honeymoon's pleasures abound—

But would you wish for a beautiful honeymoon all the year round?

Then don't be too particular, but be kind and true—

Don't look out for miracles—very few wise men do. Then don't be too, &c.

When there comes a prattler—(all your days delight),

In your ears a rattler, keeps you waking all night—

Though all day you've been labouring—tired and fagg'd like a horse—

Alas, such piping and tab'ring is very unpleasant, of course—

Yet don't be too particular, and cry—'When will it stop?'

But cover your head with the pillow, and sleep away like a top.

Yet don't, &c,

When there comes a boy or two—how they increase your joys—

Each must have a toy or two, but you soon get used to the noise—

Tom on the fiddle is strumming—down you trip on the floor

Over Jack, who is fising and drumming—and both of them set up a roar.

But don't be too particular, though your nose you break,

A bit of brown paper and vinegar makes it all right in a week. But don't, &c.

When your children growing up, try to make  
amends,  
All their lessons shewing up, bore your visit-  
ing friends —  
Clawing, climbing, tumbling, chattering,  
squalling, in tears—  
Guests, though frowning and grumbling,  
praising the sweet little dears—  
Yet don't be too particular—children sweeten  
life,  
And would you have peace in your family,  
never offend your wife. Yet don't, &c.

Life is like a lottery--married men are wise,  
The timid who won't have a ticket, can never  
expect a prize--  
I'm not quite a dunce, and I offer my advice,  
If you have thought of it once, I would cer-  
tainly have you think twice.  
But don't be too particular—pluck up a cou-  
rage and try--  
Follow my rules and example, and be as happy  
as I. But don't be too, &c.

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### HAVE YOU SEEN MY MISSUS?

Written by Mr. B. Mills, and sung by Mr. J. W.  
Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,

You've heard my children two, seeking for  
each other,  
My daughter left home first, soon follow'd by  
her brother.



But there never was so sad, and wioked world  
as this is,

My family all are mad, for now I've lost my  
Missus. Tooral, &c.

I've studied well my home, from the first  
time I did woo her,

But never thought she'd roam, such a husband  
I've been to her.

She's taken all the plate, but far much worse  
than this is,

I fear she's got a mate, now 'Have you seen-  
my Missus?' Tooral, &c.

Since I saw her last, none know what I suf-  
fer,

Every one I ask, calls me poor old buffer !

If I could see her now, I'd smother her with  
kisses,

I'm a wretched man I vow, now 'Have you  
seen my Missus?' Tooral, &c.

She's took my watch and purse, a case with  
ring and pin in,

And then to make it worse, pawn'd every bit  
of linen;

I could forgive her that, to enjoy the marriage  
blisses,

For I'm loosing all my fat, since I've lost my  
Missus. Tooral, &c.

That wretched house of mine I cannot bear  
to enter,

For there's the portrait fine, hanging in the  
centre;

I oft gaze at the head, and fancy nought amiss  
is,  
Till I tumble into bed—it's then I miss my  
Missus. Tooral, &c.

Wretched there I lay till the morn is beam-  
ing,  
And when I fall asleep, strange things I am  
dreaming;  
I awake quite full of qualms—a hard case  
you'll say this is,  
With the bolster in my arms, instead of having  
Missus, Tooral, &c.

Her bonnet is a Poke, with a light blue feather in it,  
She wears a Polka cloak, and sings like any linnet—  
Should you a woman meet with such a dress as this is,  
A bottle I'll stand treat, if you'll bring back my Missus. Tooral, &c

LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

Written by Mr. John Labern, and sung by Mr.  
W. J. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Furnival's Inn.

Tune—Polka Dance.

Something new starts ev'ry day,  
Wonders still are all the go—  
My 'London Exhibitions' gay,  
I'll introduce in the 'Casino.'

Tom Thumb's *fing'ered* half our cash—  
 Johnny Bull now calls him trash—  
*Cut their wood back, to(o),* have each 'Jibbe-  
     way,'  
 And th' Industrious Fleas' are *crack d*, they  
     say.

Tune—Jim along Josey.

The African Bosjesmans are astonishing the  
     towns—  
 The last import of *blacks* that are picking up  
     the *browns*,  
 And after such a specimen of wild humani ty,  
 A savage imitation excuse me if I try.  
 Hey chat and grin—grin away, Bushmen—  
 Hey grin away—grin away, O !

[*Imitations.*]

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

Next comes Mrs. Armitage,  
 Imported rather newly—  
 The *greatest* woman of the age,  
 A 'second *Daniel*,' truly.  
 If to the Stage she'd turn her miad,  
 She'd fill the house, d'ye see, sirs ?  
 And chance to *strike you*, you'd soon find,  
 An *immense hit* she would be, sirs.  
                                     Next comes, &c.

Tune—Heigho, says Rowley.

If a classical sight you wish to see,  
     gemini goley !

Madame Wartons 'Walhalla,' between you  
and me,

*Outstrips* other models, wherever they be,

For their barefaced peeling,

Wheeling, revealing,

Rosy Poses Plastiques!

Tune—Kitty Clover.

*Waxinating* you over, comes Madame Tus-  
saud -

Oh oh, oh.oh!

Her models in Wax Work she's anxious to  
show,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Bobby Peel,' 'Dicky Cobden,' the Corn  
Agitator—

'Jenny Lind,' who rejected the Bunn House  
Theater—

Pope *Pi-ouse*, who let's people kiss his great  
toe—

Oh, oh, oh. oh

And 'Macready,' dress'd up as a Run'un,  
they show,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Tune—Gee ho, Dobbin.

The 'Great Mammoth Horse' has been ma-  
king great *strides*—

Whoever mounts him, why the *high horse* he  
*rides*.

To carry the *heavies* he'd do *for to go*,

Or the great man of brass at the Lord  
Mayor's Show.

Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

Tune—Chinese.

Ting a ring a ning ping,  
 Lights and lanterns—  
 Lots of daddy longlegs  
 Buzz along—  
 Piles of pretty painted  
 Proud pagodas,  
 Dealing out their dulcet ding dong !  
 Dummies, with their droll heads, nid nid  
 noddin,  
 Chinamen with tails, and turn'd up toes,  
 Finnikin paces, platter faces,  
 Pigs eyes, no size, and flat nose—  
 Ladies with pettitoes, prim and pretty,  
 Paddling along by slow degrees,  
 In tiddy toddy slippers, nippers, clippers,  
 Tight enough to pinch 'em to pieces !  
 Ting a ring, &c.

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### THE YALLER BUSHA BELLE.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp, also by Mr. S. Cowell,  
 As I walk'd out one moonlight night,  
 I met a fair maid and her eyes shone bright ;  
 Her face was so black dat you couldn't see it  
 well,  
 An' she was called de ' Yaller Busha Belle.'  
 Says I, ' Miss Dinah, may I walk wid ye ?'  
 What do you tink was de answer she gib me ?  
*Spoken.*—Says she, ' Ha ! ha ! —  
 Go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh  
 me,

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die me.  
Go 'way black man, don't you cum a-nigh  
me,

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die  
me.'

To my radi-ink a day! oh, radi-ink a day!  
Lubly nigger seed her eat a pumpkin all de  
day.'

Dat she should be so dignified, I didn't like  
to see,

'Case I is de fancy nigger from de elbow to  
de knee;

'I neber seed a black gal dat I could like so  
well,

So I splash my 'fections on to you, my Yaller  
Busha Belle.

So cum, Miss Dinah, may I walk wid ye?'  
Still de same answer de lady she gib me.

#### SPOKEN.

She says to me, in 'zackly de same tone ob  
woice as before, only dipperent——

'Go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh  
me,

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die  
me.

Go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh  
me,

Burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die  
me.'

To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,  
I neber seed a yaller gal could make me  
run away.

We didn't talk much longer, for down de rain  
 fell,  
 So in a minute I put up my cotton umberrell.  
 ' Miss Dinah, now I axes you to lean upon  
 dis arm,  
 And I pledgemy solemn appetite I don't mean  
 you no harm.  
 So cum, young lady, may I walk wid ye?'  
 Dis time a dipperent answer she gib me.

SPOKEN.

You see de rain was coming down tolerably  
 fass-like—so she says to me—  
 ' Cum 'way, black man, I'll go long wid you  
 now,  
 Hold up your umberrella, or I'll get wet  
 trough now,  
 Cum 'way, black man, I'll go 'long wid you  
 how,  
 Hold up your umberrella, or I'll get wet  
 trough now.  
 To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,  
 I calculate dis nigger he can steal de hearts  
 away.'

Well, we walk'd 'way togidder, and I don't  
 know what I said,  
 But de subjec' ob matrimony pop into my head.  
 All dat pass between us I'm not going to tell,  
 But de nex' day I was married to my Yaller  
 Busha Belle.  
 Went to a nigger parson on purpose to be  
 wed,  
 When he ax de lady's name, what you tink  
 she said?

## SPOKEN

Da par-on said unto her, says he, 'Am you perfec'ly willing to enter into de 'oly state ob hem'ock wid dis nigger, to lub, cherish, an' obey dis hansum nigger'—dat was me, you know, an' she says——

'Why, go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh me,

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die me.

Why, go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh me,

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die me.'

To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,

I fill'd wid 'stonishment enough to turn a nigger grey.

About twelve months arter dat I tought I'd go wild,

When my lady gib to me a little male child—

He was black as any crow, only jus' a trifle bigger,

I 'clar I neber seed sich a sweet little nigger.

But my Yaller Busha Belle, my young and lubly bride.

She didn't lib much longer, 'case the nex' day she died.

## SPOKEN.

She called me to her to bedside, and said—

'Go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh me

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die me.



Thy, 'Go 'way, black man, don't you cum  
a-nigh me,  
I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die  
me.'

To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,  
I 'clar I near'y broke my heart to put her  
in de clay.

## ENCORE VERSES.

After she was dead, a subscription soon did  
foller,  
Which altogidder mounted up to near a hun-  
dred doller.

I bury her wid fifty, and no one hab a no-  
tion,

Dat wid de oder fifty I should cum across de  
ocean,

I landed fuss in Glasgow—I went to see de  
play;

When de manager he saw me, what d'you  
tink he say?

Why, 'Go way, black man, don't you cum a-  
nigh me,

I'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die  
me.'

Why, 'Go 'way, black man, don't you cum  
a-nigh me,

'll burn you wid a chunk, if I don't, blue die  
me.'

To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,  
I cut de toe and pigeon wing, an' den I run  
away.

Ilef' Glasgow next day, I didn't cum by rail,  
 'Case it wasn't built den, so I jump upon de  
 mail.

I landed at Newhaven on de followin' morn,  
 And sich a sight I neber seed since eber I was  
 born.

Der was four-and-twenty fish-wives, pretty  
 as you please,  
 But der petticoats dey only cum jis below  
 dere knees.

'Go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh  
 me,

I'll hit you wid a haddie if I don't, blue die  
 me.

Go 'way, black man, don't you cum a-nigh  
 me,

I'll hit you wid a haddie, if I don't, blue die  
 me.'

To my radi-ink a day, radi-ink a day,  
 Comma sa parly voo, who's a' wi' ye to-day.

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## THE BIRTH, EDUCATION, AND LABOURS OF HER CULES.

Written by Douglas Jerrold, Esq. and sung by Mr.  
 J. W. Sharp—also by Mr. W. J. Hammond.

Music sold by Duncombe and Moon, 17, Holborn,  
 opposite Furnival's Inn.

Since to man 'tis decreed

He must toil upon earth,

Let him listen, and heed

The great theme of my mirth,

For since all must labour  
 And all have their pains,  
 Let's hark to the tabor,  
 Be deaf to our chains.

## SPOKEN.

Now, my good Ladies and Gentlemen, I will shew you the Birth, Edecation, and Labours Ercules. Look at his pictur, Ladies and Gentlemen—as large as life, *and* a little bigger

Oh, Mr Showman—why does he carry a club? ‘Vhy he carries a club ’acause he’s so strong he can’t trust himself alone with himself.’ ‘What’s his club made of, sir?’ ‘Brass—all brass, nothing but brass.’ ‘Ah, I have heard of other Clubs of the same material, but that’s the allegory.’ ‘Look at Ercules, the son of Jupiter who they say took a great deal of pains with his little progeny. (Old Woman.) ‘Son of Jupiter?’ ‘Son of Jupiter, but not of Juno. his wife.’ ‘What a willain!’ ‘Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the curtain rises, and yousee Ercules out at wet nurse at a farm house; and now you see Juno sends two boa constrictors to dewour the *hin*fant, but the babby takes ’em in his two little *’ands*, and ties ’em in double knots and flings ’em out of the vindow! and now Juno sends six snakes with *rattles*, but the little *hinnocent* only plays vith them as babbies do, gentlemen

Second Scene.—Ercules, having cut his teeth, runneth alone, Scene Third.—Ercules at school, vhere he is taught all the liberal harts, namely—or *wiz*—to pull the long bow.’ (Old Man.) ‘Ah, that seems one of them still!’

‘ And to drive and box like a gentleman,  
 You see him taught to ride by *Chiron*, a *Centor*  
 —the greatest horse jockey of his time, for he  
 was half a beast. Scene Fourth.—Ercules and  
 his fifty sweethearts all married by Ercules  
 in one day!’ (Young Woman) ‘ Fifty wives!  
 Don’t you call that bigamy?’ ‘ *Ve* do; but in  
 the days of Ercules it was one of the sciences.’  
 (Pedagogue) ‘ Phoo! Do you know what  
 bigamy comes from, and what it means?’ ‘ Yes,  
 sir—in vulgar English it means being a wretch  
 and having two wives, but in the days of Er-  
 cules it meant the liberty of the subject.  
 Scene Fifth—Ercules and his fifty wives,  
 daughters of *Thespis*, the Manager, who ho-  
 pened a playhouse in a vaggon.’ (Old Man)  
 ‘ Ha! a waggon? That was the Theatre to  
*dramo*.’ (Young Woman) ‘ And did Hercules  
 marry *all* the Manager’s daughters?’ ‘ All—  
 and had by ’em two hundred and twenty little  
 boys. (Pedagogue.) ‘ Ah, that was the down-  
 fal of the *Legitimate Drama*!’ (Old Woman)  
 ‘ And what became of the children?’ ‘ Vot  
 become of ’em? Why the twenty vent to Paris  
 to write plays for the French Stage, and the  
 two hundred came to London to copy all the  
 twenty did, for the English. *Ve* now begin  
 with the Labours of Ercules. (Young Wo-  
 man.) ‘ Begin! Why what’s the fifty wives,  
 and two hundred and twenty children?’ ‘ No-  
 thing to speak of. The First Labour is killing  
 the *Anemone Lion*, by order of *Eurytheus*—  
 Ercules shoots so many harrows, that the lion  
 looks like a porcupine.’ (Old Man.) ‘ That,  
 you see, is another allegory. The solution is

—the lion is a new playwright, indulgently criticised! ‘You now perceive Ercules taking the lion in his arms, who is too proud to roar, and squeegeeing him to death!’ (Old Man.) ‘Another allegory. That is the drawing-room lion killed with kindness.’ ‘He brings the carcase to the King, who is so afraid of it, that he jumps into a brazen cauldron made for the occasion, and *kirers* his head with the *lid*.’ (Child.) ‘And is that the cauldron?’ ‘No, that, my dear is the *fac simile* of it. The real cauldron was lent to Mr. Bunn for the *Jewess*—at the particular desire of several families of distinction. The Second Labour is killing of the snake of *Ydra*. Some authors say he had fifty *eds*—some a hundred—but to meet the liberality of the times, we give him the greater number. Ercules cuts off the *ed*, when two more shoots out like Brussels sprouts.’ (Old Woman.) ‘You talk of allegories, sir—what does that mean?’ ‘It means that two heads are better than one.’ ‘And now Ercules, to put a stop to that, makes his footman, *Jolas*, burn the roots of the *eds* with red hot *hions*—That’s what the doctors call counter irritation.’ (Countryman.) ‘I say, Bob—what be counter irritation?’ (Another.) ‘Why doesn’t know? Why last night my wife threw teapot at I—and I pitched three-legged stool at she—that’s counter irritation.’ ‘Labour Third. Ercules, by means of traps, catching the stag with the golden *orns*.’ ‘Golden horns! That won’t do. I never heard of a stag with golden horns!’ (Pedagogue.) ‘Didn’t you? Then only go down to the Courts next term.’ (Old Man.,

'To be sure—that's *the* allegory, and the traps work out the evidence,' Labour Fourth. You see *Ercules* about to hunt the wild boar—preparing for the same by getting drunk with the *Centors*.' 'Why were they called *Centors*?' 'Cause there were exactly one hundred of them, You now see *Ercules*—like Captain *Poss*—pursuing the boar through the snow—dipping his hand in a pond, *Ercules* taketh the boar by the tail, and his fingers freezing thereto, holdeth him tight. The boar is brought to Court by *Ercules*, and cooked with sage and onions—and this, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the true historical origin of roast pork. Labour Fifth *Ercules* in a smock frock—cleaning the stables where *Augeas* kept three thousand oxen and goats, besides his little *kids*. Observe how *Ercules* cleans the stable of all its dirt, He turns the river *Alpheus* through it, and so it floats all away.' (Gentleman) 'Now, sir, you talk of allegories what does that amount to?' (Old Man.) Precisely this—it's exactly as if some noble philanthropist were to break down the banks of the Thames, and turn the river through Chancery Lane and the Fleet prison.'

For since all, &c.

Since we all bear a pack—  
 Some heavy, some light—  
 Though the load make us crack,  
 Be our countenance bright—  
 For up life's steep mountain  
 He best will advance,

Who weeps not a fountain,  
But trips with a dance.

## SPOKEN.

Labour Sixth. *Ercules killing the carnivorous birds in Arcadia.* 'Arcadia? Isn't that where the shepherds come from?' 'Arcadia is a place near Gibraltar—where shirts, shoes, and stockings grow upon the trees, to be had for the picking, where the inhabitants all play upon pipes, and where sheep have nothing else to do but to listen to them.' (Countryman.) 'Wounds! that must be the place for mutton!' 'There is no such vulgarity as mutton, the animals only being bred for their fiddlestrings.' 'And pray, sir, is it far to Arcadia?' 'Steam wessels start once a month. Particulars to be had at the wharf. You now see *Ercules* bagging his carnivarous birds.' 'Why bless me, what is that?' 'That is the *printer*, or dog!' 'Why he's got a face like a man!' 'The portrait of a celebrated gentleman, who kindly sat for the occasion.' 'Ah, that's the allegory.' 'No, sir—not a hallegory—he was an attorney. Labour Seventh. *Ercules catching the wild bull in the Highland of Crete.*' 'What an enormous beast!' 'When killed he was served to the fleet of King Xerxes, who lived upon him twenty years—all the Siege of Troy. A piece of his sirloin is now at the British Museum, for the complete satisfaction of the *hincredulous*!' Labour Eighth. You now see *Ercules* catching the mares of *Dionedes*' 'Pretty creatures! what dear long tails!' 'Don't say *pretty creatures* till you know what they lives upon.' 'Why

what?' 'Every mare eats two men every day in the week, with a woman and child on Sundays!' 'Ah, that's plainly an allegory!' 'I can't see it. What, horses devouring men, women, and children? Where's the allegory?' 'Where? Ask the jockies at Newmarket. They were given to Alexander the Great, from whom the breed passed downwards into the hands of Mr Ducrow—as they appeared at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the Legitimate Drama of King Arthur and the Round Table. You now see the Ninth Labour. Ercules stealing the girdle of the Queen of the *Hamazons*.' 'Why what's the Amazons?' 'The *Hamazons* were the women that did great mischief with the *bows*.' 'Come, that's an allegory!' 'They were a nation of women who thought men beneath their notice.' 'Impossible!' 'A melancholy truth—for the honeymoon—when they had one—only lasted a week! But Ercules takes the girdle of the Queen Hippolyte, and tries to make her listen to reason.' 'And does he succeed?' He does—for she leaves the women to themselves, and enters the *oly* marriage state, Labour Tenth. Ercules turned sheep stealer—takes the flocks of *Geryon*—the Shepherd with two heads and two bodies—and brings the rams and ewes to Argos from which we have the South Down mutton—though some antiquarians say the Welch. Look at the ram to the left, supposed to be a striking likeness of Cardinal *Wolsey*—from whence the name, according to Hume and Smoliet. The Eleventh Labour is *h*interesting. You see Ercules in the



Garden of *Hesperides* going to gather the golden apples—supposed to be the original pippins—one of which falling on the head of Sir Isaac Newton, made him for ever after remarkable for his gravity. The apples are protected by a Dragon—you see him, with a rainbow'd coloured body, scarlet mouth, and yellow eyes! Painted from the *Antique*. *Ercules*, doubling his fist, hits the Dragon on the *ed.* who, very sensible of the *hinsult*, treats the *ero* with contempt. *Ercules* picks up the *happles* and pockets the same. For the Twelfth and last Labour I must beg your particular attention. *Ercules* descends after Cerberus to—to a place familiar to the most *htgnorant*.' 'Who was Cerberus?' 'He was the Devil's dog—he had three *eds*, and was fed on bread and honey. *Ercules* takes the Devil's dog in his arms and brings him up to earth.' 'What a wretch!' 'Don't say a wretch—for he took the Devil's dog back again.' 'Did he? Well all I know is—he has left a good many pups behind.'

For since all, &c

## KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Written by W. T. Moncrieff, Es., and sung by Mr  
J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Duncombe and Woon, 17, Holborn,  
opposite Furnival's Inn

We must keep up appearances—  
We must be quite genteel  
Whate'er are our forbearances—  
Howe'er we think or feel.

The world forms its opinion, more  
From what we seem, than do  
We must keep up appearances  
For everything is show.  
'Tis true, the quarter's clearanc  
A secret may reveal—  
But we must keep up appearances—  
Must live in style genteel !

We in a house genteel must live—  
That's in a genteel street—  
And genteel people must receive—  
No need ask them to eat :  
And, howe'er scanty be our pelf,  
We must a servant keep—  
She can contrive to board herself,  
And in the kitchen sleep.  
Whate'er be our forbearances—  
Howe'er we think or feel,  
We must keep up appearance ,  
We must be quite genteel !

We must take in the ' Morning Post,'  
As fashionables do—  
Nor think it any sin, if we  
Take in the newsmen, too.  
We must keep up appearances—  
Just look at Mrs. Smith—  
She with the highest holds her head,  
Though small is her wherewith.  
Then there's the three Miss Wouldbe's,  
too--  
Miss Stilt, and poor Miss Steel-

We must keep up appearances—  
Must live in style genteel !

The butchers must send home our chops—  
Although but half a pound—  
What ! take home anything from shops ?  
Not while the world goes round !  
Tradespeople, though most wealthy, we  
Must not in *public* know—  
The *pawnbroker* must stranger be—  
For all is outside show.  
'Tis true, the quarter's clearances  
A *secret* may reveal—  
But we must keep up appearances—  
We must be quite genteel !

We with our dinner must take wine—  
Cape easily is bought—  
And if it don't *taste* very fine,  
It *looks* so, and it ought !  
We must take most especial care  
To ape the higher classes—  
And have, whatever be our fare,  
Napkins and finger-glasses—  
And silver forks—though *German*, they'll  
Be *germaine* to each meal—  
We must keep up appearances—  
We must be quite genteel !

Minor Theatres we'll vote low—  
Vulgarity their taint—  
To public houses we can't go—  
Cook shops would make us faint !

*Jackey*, we must *Geneva* call,  
 And but in *private* sip —  
 A liquor that is drank by all,  
 Won't suit a genteel lip.  
 Yes, at wnat'e'r forbearances,  
 Howe'er we think or feel,  
 We must keep up appearances—  
 We must look quite genteel !

Our church must fashionable be—  
 We shall nurse double zeal,  
 If popular the preacher is,  
 The doctrines are genteel.  
 Gentility is every thing—  
 Another's goods to fake  
 Would be, when one is so genteel,  
 But a genteel miss-take,  
 For which the mill would not be fit—  
 To *take* is not to *steal* —  
 We must keep up appearances—  
 We must be quite genteel

---

## OH, CRIKEY! DON'T I LOVE MY MOTHER !

Written by Mr. Thomas Prest, and sung Mr. J. W,  
 Sharp.

Tune—Polly Glover.

The boys and gals all jeers at me,  
 But I don't mind their snarling,  
 There's vun thing that I likes to be,  
 That is my mother's darling.

She's sich a voman, to be sure,  
There ne'er vos sich another !  
So, as I told you vonce afore,  
Oh, don't I love my mother !  
Tol de rol, &c.

Cæsar Milksop is my name,  
My beauty's quite bewild'ring,  
My mother's love no vun can blame,  
I'm the finest of her children !  
She buys me playthings, sich a svag !  
But nuffin gives my brother,  
She often lets me play the vag !  
Oh, don't I love my mother !  
Tol de rol, &c.

'Cos I'm so thin boys me annoy,  
Their chaff on me bestowin',  
But mother says, a pretty boy  
I'll be when I've done growin'.  
I'm quite admired where'er I goes,  
There's nought my joy can smother,  
Cos I have got her small pug nose--  
Oh, don't I love my mother !  
Tol de rol, &c.

She lets me have vhat'er I please,  
At all my faults she's blinking,  
If e'er my brother does me tease,  
She pulls his ears like vinking.  
Instructions good she gives to me,  
She's larn't me, like another,

The art of drinking gin in tea--

Oh, don't I love my mother !

Tol de rol, &c.

Forget her kindness I ne'er shall

Each day some good I gather,

And soon I hopes, like sister Sal,

To be able to vhop my father !

He daresn't say a word to me,

His power's all more t'other,

For ifto chide me he makes free,

He naps it from my mother !

Tol de ro , &c.

She buys me hoops and vippin tops,

I haves vote'er I try for,

Tarts, brandy balls, and lollipops,

And all I likes to cry for.

I am the comfort of her age,

Her cares I always smother,

My vants she always does assuage,

Oh, don't I love my mother !

Tol de rol, &c.

I almost knows my A. B. C.

A child o' great discerning,

I am, as you may plainly see,

So quick I takes my larning.

I takes it nat'ral, so they say,

My genius nought can smother,

For Dame's a vunder in her vay,

Oh, don't I love my mother !'

Tol de rol, &c.

So all good children, who like me,  
 Has talent, wit, and beauty,  
 If prosperous in life you'd be,  
 Attend to fillywul duty.

If mother should give up the ghos  
 Where should I find another  
 Vot could of sich affection boast?  
 Oh, don't I love my mother!

Tol de rol, &c.

---

### I'M A GENT!

Written by Sterling Coyne, Esq. and sung by Mr.  
 Wright—also by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Music sold by Williams, Cheapside.

I'm a gent—I'm a gent—I'm a gent, ready  
 made!

I rove through the Quadrant and Lowther  
 Arcade—

I'm a register'd swell, from the head to the  
 toe—

I wear a moustache, and a light paletot.

I'm a gent, &c.

I've a cane in my hand, and a glass in my  
 eye,

I wink at the girls—damme!—as they go  
 by!

Then, law! how they giggle to win my re-  
 gards

And I hear them all say, 'He's a gent in the  
Guards!'

I'm a gent, &c.

I'm a gent—I'm a gent, in the Regent St.  
style—

Examine my waistcoat, and look at my tile.  
There are gents, I dare say, who are hand-  
somer far,

But none who can puff with such ease a  
cigar.

I'm a gent, &c.

I can sing a flash song—I can blow on the  
horn—

I like sherry cobblers—I'm foud of Cre-  
morne—

I love the Cellarius--the Polka I dance--

And I'm rather attached to a party from  
France.

I'm n gent &c.

The lady I love is a creature divine,  
Though devilishly partial to lobsters and  
wine.

She was struck with my figure, and caught  
with a hook,

For I took her to visit 'my uncle, the  
Duke.'

I'm a gent, &c.

---



## A BUDGET OF POPULAR PLAYS.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Sharp.

Tune—Chapter of Accidents.

Look where you will a something new will  
 surely meet your eye, sirs,  
 To prove life's lottery to some's a blank—to  
 others a rich prize, sirs :  
 Dame Fortune I shall not invoke--but, just  
 your mirth to raise, sirs,  
 I'll give you now a budget new of "Dun-  
 combe's Acting Plays," sirs,  
     Who'll buy my Plays?  
 Correct Editions, Sixpence each--who'll buy  
 my Plays?

*The Phantom Bride* does oft *Intrigue* with the  
*Nervous Man*, sir--  
*The Tempter's* oft with *Lilian* found--deny  
 it none well can, sir :  
*Frank Fox Phipps* has turn'd *Blacksmith*. all  
 through the *Pride of Birth*, sirs—  
 The *Ruby Ring*, *Jack Sheppard* stole, to  
*Linda's* little worth, sirs.  
     Who'll buy, &c.

*Macbeth* has a *New Footman* hir'd, but *John*  
*Bull* doubts his fitness—  
*He's no Conjuror*, *Guido Fawkes* declares,  
 but quite an *Idiot Witness* ;  
*Damp Beds* he *Seven Sisters* gave—also the  
*Covenanters* —

The *Angel of the Attic* swore 'twas enough  
to make them ranters !

Who'll buy, &c.

A *Prisoner of War* they've made of the  
*Little Nun*, sirs,—

The *Carmelites*—(sly dogs !)—they wished  
with her to have some fun, sirs :

*Raby Rattler* and *Wolsey* at college were  
*Schoolfellows*,

And oft they thrash'd poor *Perourou*—he  
that mended bellows !

Who'll buy, &c.

The *Weaver of Lyons* was *Done Brown* by  
pretty *Norah Creina*—

*Behind the Scenes* they often met—the *House*  
*Dog* must have seen her--

*Another Glass* they frequent took—it proved  
a *Secret Foe*, sirs,

But that is naught to you or me--but 'tis to  
*Teddy Roe*, sirs.      Who'll buy, &c.

*Mrs. White*, I hear, has been *Bamboozling*  
*Cousin Peter*—

The *Wife* went to the *Tradesmens' Ball*--  
the *Bravo* there did meet her :

Who'll lend me a *Wife* ? old *Paul Pry* cries  
—'tis a curious thing to borrow--

The *Dragon Knight*, with *Tact* replies,  
pray *Call again to morrow*.

Who'll buy, &c.

*My Fellow Clerk*, I grieve to say, is a very  
naughty *Married Rake*—

I've seen him with the *Jewess* often courting  
on the *Fairy Lake*.

The *Captain's* not a-Miss, I'll own—I wish  
*Will Watch* had caught her !

*Self Accusation* would have grieved the cruel  
*Miser's Daughter*. Who'll buy, &c.

The *Dice of Death* was *Mabel's Curse*—a  
fact's that's somewhat funny---

The *Whistler*, for *Infanticide*, paid *Walter*  
*Brund*, *Hush Money*.

*Boots at the Swan* has gone to see a *Military*  
*Execution*,

The *Vampire Bride* is in a state of helpless  
destitution, Who'll buy, &c.

*Love in a Village* is very well, but not with  
th' *Ambassador's Lady*—

*Cousin Lambkin* tried it on, but it proved an  
*Evil May Day*—

The *Truand Chief's* come *Home Again*—  
they say he looks quite topping—

*A Night in the Bastille* he spent, with the  
famed *Negro of Wapping*.

Who'll buy, &c.

The *Last Man* wedded *Violette*, but lor ! she's  
quite a dawdle—

The *Balance of Comfort* he'll ne'er find, for  
she's a *Mrs. Caudle*—


*Beau Nash* has found the *Wandering Boys*—  
 he chid them for their folly—  
 The urchins were *Laid up in Port*, on board  
 the *Charming Polly*. Who'll buy, &c.

A *Railroad Trip* in summer time's a pleasant  
 recreation,  
*I and my Double* sallied forth, and reached  
 the *Railroad Station* ;  
*Lend me Five Shillings*, bawls *Tom Smart*--  
 each one his craving mocks, sirs—  
 Until at length his fare is paid by Messrs.  
*Box and Cox*, sirs.  
 Who'll buy, &c.

Fair *Joan of Arc*, *No Followers* has—*Black  
 Hugh* has often sought her--  
*My Wife's* come back, and with her brought  
 the pretty *Yeoman's Daughter*.  
*A Quiet Day* I hope to spend, you'll own it  
 is much best, sirs,  
 So I close my rhymes, and wish you all a  
 regular *Good Night's Rest*, sirs.  
 Who'll buy, &c.

[The whole of the above Plays are published,  
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## THE END.

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# COMIC SONGS.

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